CHILD LIFE IN OTHER LANDS

H·AVIS PERDUE

Property of Town
of Sturbridge

9

CHILD LIFE
IN OTHER LANDS

CHILD LIFE IN OTHER LANDS

By H. AVIS PERDUE

Of the Chicago Normal School. Joint author of "Child Life in Many Lands" and "Language Through Nature, Literature, and Art"

Illustrated with drawings by
MILO WINTER
and half-tones from photographs

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Copyright, 1918
By RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
All rights reserved
Edition of 1930

Made in U. S. A.

THE CONTENTS

PAGE

The Introduction vii

HONHOYA AND HONMANA 1
The New House—Inside the House—Making Baskets—Making Bowls—Honhoya's Work and Play—The Cornfield—Story Time

NANNOOK 25
A Little Eskimo—The Igloo—Hunting and Fishing—Nannook's Playthings—Nannook's Work—Story-Telling

OLAF AND EBBA 46
A Home in a Northern Land—A Rainy Afternoon—Playtime—Christine and Ebba—Christmas in Norway

JACOB AND KATRINA 66
A Dutch Boy and Girl—Telling Stories—The Dikes—St. Nicholas—Skating—The Summer House

WILHELM AND FRIEDA 92
A Boy and Girl of Germany—Playtime—Wilhelm and Frieda's Home—At Christmas Time

MARIETTA AND GUIDO 111
A Little Brother and Sister of Italy—Games—Stories—Venice—Gathering Grapes—Gathering Chestnuts—Christmas

YANNI 134
A Greek Boy—Yanni's Home—Yanni's School—Games and Plays—The Currant Vineyard—Holidays—Springtime in Greece

PAGE

TADA AND TAMA 155
Two Japanese Children at Home—Holidays in Japan—Games and Plays—Tada Visits a Tea Plantation—A Japanese Tale

YUAN AND SU 183
Two Little Chinese Children—A Chinese Home—Rimes and Riddles—A Silk Shop—Yuan Goes to School—Some Chinese Games

MISSAK 208
His Home in Armenia—The Stable—Story-Telling—Playtime—Spring in Armenia—Spring Songs—Missak's Journey

The Vocabulary 230

A Reading List 231

THE INTRODUCTION

To the Boys and Girls who will read and, I hope, enjoy this little book:

Do you remember the child in Robert Louis Stevenson's pretty song of "The River"? Do you remember how he sends his little boats a-floating down the stream, sure that "other little children" will bring them safe to shore?

You know there are "other little children" everywhere. Some of them live away, 'way up north in houses of snow. Some of them live in the sunny land of Italy, some live in the lowlands of Holland, some among the mountains of Armenia. Everywhere these children play games, they sing songs, they love riddles and stories just as you do.

In these stories I have tried to tell you about these "other little children," about their homes, the kind of clothes they wear, what they eat, the games they play, the work they do, and the stories they love. First of all I have told you of a boy and girl who live in our own country, and whose home you may visit some day. Next you will find the story of Nannook and his little sister. They live in the land which is the home of those huge white bears which you may have seen in the Zoo. Then we go across the seas and visit many more little children.

While writing these stories I have talked with many people, men and women, boys and girls, who have come from those far-off lands. They have told me of the games they played, of the songs they sang, of the holidays they enjoyed.

I know they were glad to do this and, while I am writing this letter to you, I want to say that I am very grateful to them and that I thank them all for the very great help they have been to me.

Some of the boys and girls I know best have heard the stories in this book many times. We have enjoyed them together and I hope with all my heart that you will enjoy them too.

H. Avis Perdue

Courtesy of Field Museum

Each Hopi Indian boy has a bow and arrows and even the tiny ones can shoot very well

CHILD LIFE IN OTHER LANDS

HONHOYA AND HONMANA

The New House

What fun it must be to help build your own house! And when it is built if you white-wash it both inside and out, that must be great fun indeed.

That is just what Honhoya and Honmana have done.

You see, Honhoya and Honmana are little Indian children. They live in that part of our country which is often called the desert. In this desert is the home of a tribe of Indians who are called Hopi. Hopi means "lovers of peace." Honhoya and Honmana are Hopi Indians. In this story you will read of their home, of their work, and of some of the many games which they play.

One day Honhoya heard his mother say to his father, "We must have a bigger house.

Our family has grown too large for this house that we have lived in so long."

His father answered, "Yes, this house is much too small for us. I will go this very day and get wood for the roof and for the door posts."

When Honhoya heard this he ran to find his sister. As soon as he saw her he shouted, "O, Honmana, we are going to have a new house. I heard our father and mother say so."

Then Honmana clapped her hands and shouted. Soon all the children in the village heard the news. They clapped their hands and shouted, too.

After awhile they saw Honhoya's father and two of his big brothers riding away on their burros.

"Where are they going, Honhoya?" asked one little boy.

"They are going to the grove down by the river to get wood for the roof and the door posts," answered Honhoya. "When they come back my mother will build the house and we will help her."

"Let us help, too, Honhoya," begged the other children.

"Yes," said Honhoya, very proudly, "I will let you help, too."

When the father and the big brothers came back with the wood the work of building the house began. The mother was the builder and many of the women of the village came to help her. Some of the women carried stones. Some made mortar out of clay. Some set the stones in place. The children helped to plaster the walls. They plastered them inside and out with mud. The walls, and the little workers, too, were covered with the soft, thick mud.

Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.

The women of the village came to help her

The roof of this house was made of beams and crosspieces of wood. On these the women spread a thick covering of earth. The floor was of earth, too.

When the walls and roof were finished the

house was whitewashed. The mother and the children did the work. They had no brushes, so they threw the whitewash on with their hands.

Splash! splash! The walls were soon covered from the floor to the roof. Splash! splash! The children were covered, too, from head to foot. Splash! splash! They laughed and shouted and enjoyed the fun.

"I wish we could whitewash the house every day," said Honhoya.

"So do I," said the other children.

They threw the whitewash on with their hands

Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

Inside the House

In a Hopi town the houses are built close together. A group of them look just like the houses in the picture on this page.

Honhoya's new house has one large room. This is the family living room. In one corner of it is the fireplace. In another corner the water jars are kept. Hanging over the water jars are the dippers. They are made of gourds.

Long ago Honhoya's grandfather made a dipper. He made it out of the curved horn of a mountain sheep. This dipper looks like a big spoon. Honhoya thinks it is a very nice dipper. He likes to drink from it.

At one side of the living room is a box or trough. It is made of stone. In it there are three or four narrow, flat pieces of rock. Honhoya's mother stoops over the trough. She takes a handful of corn and one of the smaller stones. With the stone she rubs the corn up and down on one of the larger pieces of rock. She rubs it just as we rub clothes on a washboard. In this way she grinds the corn into meal for bread.

King Prints Co.

She rubs the corn up and down on the rock

It takes a long time to grind enough corn to make bread for the family. It is hard work, too, but Honmana and her sisters help their mother. Sometimes they grind corn all day long.

Over the water jars is a long shelf. On the shelf there are many baskets and bowls. In some of these baskets and bowls the corn

meal is kept. Others are filled with the nice corn bread which Honhoya's mother makes for her hungry boys and girls.

Making Baskets

One day Honmana sat on the ground in the sunshine. She was watching her mother weaving a basket.

After awhile Honmana said, "Mother, I wish I could make a basket."

"I will show you how," said her mother. "Take these willow splints. Weave them as I do, under and over, under and over. That is right."

Courtesy of Field Museum

Honmana's mother was weaving a basket

Honmana worked carefully, weaving just as she saw her mother weave. After she had worked for a while she said, "I need more splints for my basket, mother."

"You will find some in the moist sand

that is wrapped up in that old blanket," said her mother.

"Why do you keep the willow splints in the moist sand, mother?" asked Honmana.

"So that they will bend without breaking," said her mother.

After a little while Honmana looked up from her work. "There comes Honhoya," she said. "He has his bow and arrows."

"What have you been doing, Honhoya?" she called.

"I have been shooting at a melon," answered Honhoya. "One of the boys had a little melon. He tossed it up into the air for us to shoot at. At first I shot only one arrow into it while it was in the air. But I kept on trying and at last I shot two arrows into it before it came down."

"Good," said his mother.

"To-morrow I shall try again and I will shoot three arrows into the melon," said Honhoya.

"That will be still better, Honhoya," said his mother.

"Oh, Honhoya," cried Honmana, "I am coming to see you do it."

"What are you doing, Honmana?" asked Honhoya.

"I am making a basket," Honmana answered proudly.

"I want to make a basket, too," cried Honhoya.

"No, my son," said his mother, "making baskets is women's work. You must learn to knit. That is a man's work. Then you can knit stockings for yourself and for your wife, too, when you get one."

Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

"I am making a basket," Honmana answered proudly

"How funny I shall look knitting stockings," cried Honhoya. "I shall look like a little old man." He bent his straight little back. He puckered up his merry-looking little brown face. He made his quick little fingers fly as if he were knitting. He looked so very

funny that his mother and his sister laughed until the tears rolled down their cheeks.

Just then the grandfather came home. He was carrying a huge load of wood upon his back.

Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

Knitting is a Hopi man's work

"Why is every one so merry?" he asked.

"Oh," said the mother, "Honhoya thinks it very funny for a boy to knit stockings. He says he shall look like a little old man."

The old grandfather's keen black eyes twinkled.

"Whether he will look like a little old man or not, I do not know," he said, "but to-morrow I shall begin to teach him to knit. Now he may help me pile this wood."

MAKING BOWLS

Honmana's mother has taught her many things. She has taught her to make corn bread. She has taught her to make baskets. She has taught her to make bowls and water jars of clay.

When Honmana is going to make a bowl she first gets everything ready. She gets some moist clay, a bowl of water, and a little flat bit of wood or bone.

She sits on the ground near a smooth, flat stone. She takes a lump of the moist clay. She rolls it and rolls it on the smooth, flat stone until it looks like a rope. She coils it round and round. She dips her fingers into the water. She pats the clay into shape with her moist fingers. She makes it smooth and flat with a bit of wood or bone.

This smooth, flat coil is for the bottom of

the bowl. Now Honmana rolls more clay and builds up the sides of her bowl. She shapes it carefully with her fingers. When the bowl is made Honmana sets it in the sun to dry. It becomes dry and hard in the hot sun. Then Honmana sits on the ground and holds the bowl in her lap while she paints pictures on it.

Courtesy of Field Museum

Honmana builds up the sides of her bowl

Sometimes she paints pictures of birds. Sometimes she paints wavy lines all around the bowl. These wavy lines are the river. Above them she paints other wavy lines. They are the clouds.

When the bowl is painted it must be baked. Honmana's mother makes a very hot fire in a hole in the ground. The fire burns and burns until there is only a bed of red-hot coals in the

hole. Then Honmana's mother puts the bowl in and there it stays until it is baked.

When the bowl is baked it is a very nice bowl indeed. In it Honmana can mix the corn meal for the bread which her mother has taught her to make.

Honhoya's Work and Play

Honmana works at making baskets and bowls. She helps her mother grind corn and make bread.

Honhoya has work to do, too. His grandfather has taught him to knit and to weave.

Sometimes in the warm summer weather Honhoya goes out very early with his brothers. They take the sheep and the goats to pasture. The pasture is far away, but the boys sing as they go and the way does not seem long. They take turns riding a little white burro. He is small but strong and very sure footed.

They ride a little white burro

While the corn is growing, Honhoya and Honmana spend many of the long summer

days in the cornfield. They all help in the harvest, too.

But these children do not work all the time. They like to play just as well as you do.

Honhoya likes to run races with the other boys. They are all swift runners. When Honhoya wins in a race he is very proud.

Each Hopi Indian boy has a bow and arrows, and each little fellow, even the tiny ones, can shoot very well. They often shoot at melons or pumpkins tossed up into the air.

Honhoya's big brothers and their friends play a game that is too hard for the younger boys to play. This game is called *wela.*

Photograph from Janet M. Cummings

Hopi boys are all swift runners and they like to run races. When a boy wins a race he is very proud

Each of the players has a dart. This dart is about a foot long. One end is pointed. A

Honhoya's big brothers play a game called wela

bright-colored feather is fastened at the other end. Each player has his own color. One player will have a red feather on his dart. Another player will have a green one. Others will have blue or yellow feathers. The players have a small hoop. This hoop they call the *wela.* It is made of corn husks or broom corn bound together. The rim of the *wela* is quite thick.

One of the players starts the *wela* rolling. The other players run after it. As it rolls swiftly along each player throws his dart at

it. If his dart sticks in the rim of the *wela* he has won.

How gay the bright feathers look! What fun the boys have! How they laugh and shout as they run after the swiftly rolling hoop!

In the land of the Hopi Indians it seldom rains. Sometimes, however, there is a heavy rain and little pools of water lie here and there upon the ground.

Then the children are happy. Crowds of them gather around each little pool. What fun they have wading in the water! They splash it over each other. They lie down and roll in it. Playing in the water is the very best fun of all.

How sorry they are when the hot sun dries up the little pools! They hope that the Spider Woman will soon weave more clouds. Then the rain will come and fill all the little pools again.

All the Hopi children know about the Spider Woman. Her home is on the shore of the great sea. There she weaves the clouds and sends them forth to water the Hopi Indians' gardens and orchards and to fill all the little pools in which the Hopi children delight to play.

The Cornfield

The towns in which the Hopi Indians live are built on high, bare rocks. Between the rocks are narrow valleys. In these valleys the Hopi Indians have gardens and cornfields and peach orchards.

Indian corn

All around their gardens and fields and orchards are rocks and sand. It is not easy to make anything grow in such a place, but the Hopi Indians are good farmers. They work early and late. When harvest time comes they have fine crops.

From the time the corn is planted until the harvest, Honhoya and Honmana have not much time for play. Their father builds little shelters in the cornfield. These little shelters are made of brush and the branches of trees. Under these the children sit. They must scare away the birds. They must keep the burros out

of the cornfield. They must be watching all the time or the birds and the burros will feast. Then there will be no food for hungry little Hopi children when winter comes. So each little child watches faithfully from morning till night.

When the corn is ripe, whole families come down to the cornfields. Even the very little children come. The grandfathers and grandmothers come, too. They all live in the shelters until the harvest is over.

When the corn has been gathered and the ears have been shucked, the crop is divided equally among the families. All are very anxious to taste the new corn. The corn from the year before has all been eaten. So they build platforms out in the field and place some of the new corn on them to dry. As soon as a few ears are dry they grind the corn on a big rock. One end of the rock is propped up with stones so the corn meal will run down into a basket placed at the other end.

When enough corn meal has been ground, a fire is built out of corn cobs and twigs. A large flat stone is placed in the fire. When the stone is hot the corn cakes are baked on it. Then

As soon as it is dry, they grind some of the new corn

Honhoya and Honmana and all the children are happy. The new corn tastes very good.

When the harvest is all finished, the corn is carried on the backs of sturdy little burros up the steep rocks. It is spread on the roofs to dry. When it has dried, it is stored away for the winter.

When the storerooms are full of the golden corn, how glad every one is! There will be plenty of meal and bread until the next harvest. There will be plenty of corn cobs to make the fire that bakes the bread and warms the house.

Story Time

In the winter, when the nights are long and cold, comes the time that Honhoya and Honmana love. They and their brothers and sisters gather round the fire. They listen to the stories which the older people tell.

Sometimes the story is about the Spider Woman who weaves the clouds that bring the welcome rain.

Sometimes the story is of hunting or of war. Sometimes it is all about toads and lizards or small gray mice. But the story that Honhoya and Honmana like best is the story of

THE SQUIRREL AND THE CHIPMUNK

A long time ago a Squirrel and a Chipmunk lived near each other. The Squirrel lived on the north side and the Chipmunk on the south side of a great rock. They were good friends and often visited each other.

Near their home was a peach orchard which belonged to an old Hopi man. The two friends often went to the orchard to eat peaches.

The Chipmunk liked the ripe, juicy pulp.

The Squirrel ate the kernels which he found in the peach stones.

Sometimes the Chipmunk would run up a tree. He would break open a ripe peach. He would eat the pulp and throw the stone down to the Squirrel. Sometimes the Chipmunk would throw down whole peaches. Then he and the Squirrel would carry them to a safe place and feast upon them.

They were always very careful to keep out of the way of the owner of the orchard. They knew well that if he should catch them he would punish them for stealing his peaches.

One day the Squirrel said to the Chipmunk, "We ought to have a little dance sometime. When you go home try to make a little song. Then when we go to eat peaches again we can have a little dance and sing the little song."

The Chipmunk went home. He tried very hard to make the little song. He tried and tried. At last he made one which pleased him. It was about his friend the Squirrel.

He went to the Squirrel's house and sang the little song to him. At first the Squirrel was not at all pleased. He said, "I do not like to be in a song."

"Well," said the Chipmunk, "I am sorry you do not like my little song. It is the best I could do. Come, let me sing it for you again. Then we can sing it together and have a little dance."

So the Chipmunk sang the little song again.

"Squirrel, squirrel,
Lives all alone.
Lies in the sunshine
On the top of a stone."

When the Squirrel heard the little song again he was quite pleased with it.

"It is a good little song," he said. "Come now, let us go to the peach orchard."

They went to the peach orchard and there they saw the old man, fast asleep under a tree.

The Squirrel and the Chipmunk carried away a great many peaches. After they had eaten all they wanted they had a little dance and they sang the little song.

"Squirrel, squirrel,
Lives all alone.
Lies in the sunshine
On the top of a stone."

They danced on their hind legs. Round and round, back and forth they went. They

sang the little song over and over again. Louder and louder they sang it.

At last the sound of their singing woke the old man. When he saw the Squirrel and the

They danced on their hind legs and sang the little song

Chipmunk he ran at them. He shouted at them, "Ah, ha, I have found you out, you naughty ones. You have stolen my peaches. I am going to kill you."

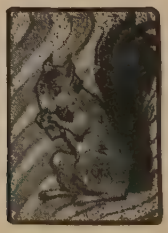
The Squirrel and the Chipmunk danced out of the orchard. They danced all the way to their rock. The old man ran after them, shouting as he ran. He tried to climb the rock upon which the two naughty ones were. They jumped down and ran into the Squirrel's house. There they were safe.

The old man waited. He said to himself, "I will catch them when they come out." He waited and waited.

The Chipmunk peeped out and saw the old man waiting. He said to the Squirrel, "Ah, ha, the old man is waiting. I am going to rush right by him into my own house."

The Chipmunk rushed out. The old man tried to catch him but the Chipmunk escaped and was soon safe in his own house.

Now these naughty ones did not fear the old man any more. They went to his orchard as often as they pleased. And from that day to this chipmunks and squirrels come to Hopi orchards and eat the peaches whenever they please.



NANNOOK

A Little Eskimo

Nannook is a little Eskimo boy. His home is far away in the cold, cold North.

Nannook has dark skin. His hair is black and straight. His small, bright, merry-looking eyes are black, too. He is short and fat and round, and in his fur clothes he looks like a furry ball. His clothes are made of skin of animals.

In winter Nannook wears two suits of clothes. One suit is made with the furry side in. Nannook

wears that suit next his skin. The other suit has the fur outside. These clothes keep him warm in spite of the bitter cold.

Nannook's mother makes all his clothes. When Nannook needs new clothes his father goes hunting. He kills a reindeer or a seal or maybe a big white bear. He takes off the skin. He stretches it on the ground to dry. Then Nannook's mother scrapes it with a sharp bit of bone. This makes the skin clean and soft.

When the skin is quite clean and soft, Nannook's mother cuts out the clothes. She cuts them out with a bone knife. For a needle she uses a fish tooth. For thread she uses strong reindeer sinews.

Eskimo bone knife and needle

Nannook has a snug little hood and mittens of reindeer skins. His boots are made of sealskin. Nannook's sister has clothes just like his. Because the little sister is learning to sew her mother has made pockets for her. She has a pocket in each sleeve and one in each stocking, too. She carries her work and her needle and thread in these pockets.

Nannook has a baby brother. He wears a tiny shirt and a little cap made of the softest reindeer skin. When his mother goes out she carries the baby on her back in a deep, warm fur hood. Sometimes he cries with the cold even in this deep, warm hood. Then his mother tucks him away under her inner coat. He cuddles up close to her. He stops crying and goes to sleep as snug as a little bug in a rug.

King Prints Co.

When Nannook's mother goes out she carries the baby on her back in a warm fur hood

When he is able to walk his mother will make him a little suit of clothes just like Nannook's. She will choose the softest skins. She will cut and sew the little garments carefully. When the baby is dressed he will look like a tiny Eskimo man. All the family will crowd around him and admire him. What a proud baby he will be!

Brown Bros.

THE IGLOO

What a queer-looking little house! Nannook lives in this queer little house. He calls it an igloo.

Nannook's father built the igloo. It is made of blocks of snow. Part of it has a roof of furs and skins. Sometimes the igloo is built, roof and all, of snow. This house has two rooms. In the larger room the family live. There they work and eat and sleep. In the smaller room the dogs find shelter from the bitter cold winds of the northland.

The doorway of the igloo is very low. The family have to crawl in and out on their hands and knees. Sometimes one of them bumps his head against the top of the doorway and down

falls the snow all over him. There are no chairs or tables in the igloo. Built up close against the wall is a wide, flat bank of snow. On it many skins are spread. There are reindeer skins, sealskins, and skins of the polar bear and musk ox. The bank of snow with its covering of skins is a seat in the daytime and a bed at night.

In the middle of the room is the stove.

Brown Bros.

There are no chairs or tables in the igloo

Such a little stove! It is really only a lamp. This lamp is made of stone. Nannook's father hollowed it out so that it looks like a shallow dish. The stove has a wick that is made of moss. Nannook's little sister made the wick. It was not hard to make. She found the moss on a rock. She rolled it and rolled it between her hands. When she had rolled a piece that was long enough, her mother fitted it inside the edge of the lamp. The oil in this queer little lamp is made of whale or walrus fat.

An Eskimo stove or lamp

King Prints Co.

Nannook's little sister

It is a very smoky lamp, but it gives light and heat in the dark little igloo. Over it the mother often cooks a bit of meat or fish. By it she dries the father's skin clothes and his seal-skin boots when he comes home wet from his hunting or fishing. So you see it is a very useful little lamp.

This igloo is the winter home. When summer comes the warm sun makes the snow

soft. The roof and the walls of the igloo come tumbling in. Then the father must find another home for his family.

He makes a tent. Its poles are made of long, strong bones. Its covering is made of skins. This is the family's summer home.

These people move about a good deal in the summer. They go from place to place hunting and fishing. When they go to a new place they take the tent down and carry it along with them. When they find a place where there is plenty of fish and game, they set the tent up again.

Courtesy of Field Museum

Nannook's summer home

Photograph from Janet M. Cummings

Hunting and Fishing

Nannook's father goes hunting. He takes his bow and arrows and his spear. He takes some blubber to eat on the way. Some of his neighbors go hunting with him. Nannook watches them as they leave. He hopes his father will bring home a reindeer. Then there will be plenty of reindeer meat and marrow to eat. Nannook likes the marrow from the big bones.

Nannook's mother hopes that the father will

bring home a reindeer. She will be glad to have the meat for her family. She will use the skin to make clothes and the sinews for thread. She will braid some of the sinews for fish lines.

Nannook's father goes fishing. He takes a fish line and a fish hook. His fish line is made of braided reindeer sinews. His fish hook is made of bone. It has three sharp points.

Nannook's father cuts a hole in the ice. He stands by the hole and waits patiently until he catches a fish. Sometimes he takes Nannook with him. Then Nannook is glad. He likes to go fishing with his father. He thinks it is great fun.

Nannook likes to go fishing with his father

King Prints Co.

Sometimes Nannook's father takes his harpoon with him and goes out in his kayak. He hopes he may see a whale

Sometimes the father goes out in his kayak. The kayak is a long, narrow boat made of skins. The skins are fastened to a frame. The frame is made of walrus bones.

The father takes his harpoon with him. His neighbors go with him in their kayaks. They hope that they may see a whale. When Nannook's father sees one he throws his harpoon. It sticks fast in the whale's back. Nannook's father pulls on the harpoon line. The other men help him. They pull and pull until they pull the whale up on the shore.

How glad they are! Now they will have plenty of blubber to eat. Under the whale's

thick skin is a very thick layer of fat. This fat is called blubber.

Eskimos like blubber very much. Nannook likes a bit of blubber just as much as you like a bit of cake or candy. His mother says that blubber is good food for him. It helps to keep him warm.

Nannook's Playthings

When Nannook was a baby he had no nice toys to play with. But he did not miss them. He rolled about on the bed. He played with the puppies and was as happy and as jolly as could be.

When Nannook was older his father made a little bow and some arrows for him. He taught Nannook to use them. His mother would often stick a bit of meat upon the wall for the little boy to shoot at. When an arrow hit the meat how proud Nannook was. His mother was proud, too. She praised him and gave him the bit of meat to eat.

Sometimes three or four of the hungry dogs would crowd into the room. Then Nannook would let fly his arrows and away the dogs would go, as fast as they could.

But now Nannook is big enough to play out of doors with the other boys. What fun they have! They climb to the top of a snow-covered hill. They sit down and put their heads between their knees. They take hold of their ankles. Then away they go, head over heels, down, down to the bottom of the hill. They look like big balls of fur as they come rolling down.

You often play ball or bean bag. Nannook and his friends have no ball. They have no bean bag. They play with a little sealskin bag which is filled with sand. The boys toss this little sandbag to each other. They try to keep it from falling to the ground. If a boy lets it fall that boy is out.

Nannook's dog

Nannook's sister and her girl friends like to play this game with the boys. They all kneel in a circle, tossing the sandbag from one side to the other. Sometimes the bag falls outside the circle. Then Nannook's dog runs off with it. All the children scamper after the dog, for if they do not he will tear the bag to pieces.

There is another game which Nannook and

Brown Bros.

They all kneel in a circle and toss the sandbag

his friends like. They play this game with their bows and arrows. Each boy shoots his arrows straight up into the air. He shoots quickly so as to have a great many arrows in the air at once. When a player's first arrow falls to the ground he must stop shooting and another boy has a turn.

Nannook has a sled. He made it himself. His sled is not made of iron. It is not made of wood. It is not made of walrus bones and sealskin, as his father's sledge is. Can you

guess what it is made of? It is made of ice, and a very good sled it is. How swiftly it glides over the snow! All the other boys have sleds made of ice. What fun they have coasting down hill!

Sometimes the boys have a reindeer hunt. They stick reindeer antlers in the snow on the hillside. Then down they slide on their ice sleds. They shoot their arrows at the antlers as they dash by.

Brown Bros.

Nannook's sister makes her own dolls

An antler falls. The boy whose arrow knocked it down takes the antler. Again and again they glide swiftly down the hillside, shooting until all the antlers are down. At the end of the game the boy who has knocked down the greatest number of antlers is the winner.

Nannook's sister has a doll. She made it herself. She made its clothes, too. It has a deerskin suit and a little hood just like hers. It has cunning little sealskin boots. When the little sister is older she will help her mother make the clothes for the family.

Nannook's Work

When Nannook was old enough and strong enough he began to work.

Now when his father builds a new igloo Nannook helps him. He looks for chinks between the blocks of snow. The sharp, cold wind is waiting to come into the igloo. It will find its way in through even the tiniest chinks. Nannook stops them all up with snow. He fills up every chink in the walls. Then he crawls carefully up on the roof.

Once Nannook was up on the roof of a new igloo. He was working away filling up chinks. His mother and his sister were inside the igloo. They were spreading skins upon the bed. All at once the roof fell in. Nannook fell in, too. He fell right down on his mother's and sister's heads. You may be sure they were astonished. But no one was hurt. They all set to work to clear away the fallen snow and to build the igloo all over again.

When Nannook's father is going out hunting, Nannook must help to catch the dogs and harness them.

Some of the dogs come willingly, but some of them scamper away. They hide behind a

hill of snow or they sit on the top of a hill and watch. They see Nannook coming with the harness in his hands and off they scamper again. After a good deal of chasing they are all caught and harnessed to the sledge.

If Nannook's father is not going very far, he often takes Nannook with him. The boy sits in front with his father and watches him drive.

Nannook

The father holds the long lines in his hands. He does not use a whip but guides the dogs with his voice. One dog is the leader. That dog listens to his master's voice and leads the way.

When they come home again, Nannook unharnesses the dogs and turns them loose. He hangs the harness up in a safe place out of the dogs' reach. Once Nannook forgot to hang the harness up and the dogs ate it.

Nannook feeds the dogs, too. He feeds them every second or third day. He gives them strips of walrus hide. It does not seem as if walrus hide could be very good food even for a dog.

Brown Bros.

Nannook's father holds the long lines in his hands

But Eskimo dogs are always hungry. They are as glad to get a bit of tough walrus hide as your dog is to get his good dinner of bread and meat.

Story-Telling

Nannook and his sister are very fond of stories. They have no story books. They have no books of any kind. If they had books they could not read them. None of the people in Nannook's home can read, but they all love stories.

Not far from Nannook's igloo is the home of a wise old man. This old man knows all about hunting and fishing. He can drive a team of dogs better and faster than any one else. He makes stronger and swifter boats than

any of the others. Best of all, he knows dozens and dozens of stories. And he knows how to tell them, too.

Nannook and his sister are glad when this old man comes to their igloo. First he must have a choice bit of reindeer meat or marrow to eat. Then he begins to tell some of his wonderful stories. He goes on for hours and no one grows tired of listening. Nannook and his sister know all his stories almost as well as the old story-teller himself. The story they like best is the story of

KATERPARSUK

Katerparsuk was a poor boy. His parents were dead. He had no one to care for him. He had no one to teach him the things that every Eskimo boy must know. There was no one to teach him to fish and to hunt. There was no one to show him how to make a sledge or a kayak.

The poor boy was sad and lonely. One day he said to himself, "I will make a kayak by myself. I know I can."

He had no tools but he found a few sharp stones and some shells. These were his tools.

In the same place where this boy lived there lived a man who was unkind and selfish. He saw Katerparsuk working all by himself. He thought, "Now I shall have some fun." He wrapped himself up in the skin of a bear. He stole up behind Katerparsuk. He gave a deep, angry growl just like a bear. Poor Katerparsuk gave one look. Then away he ran as fast as his legs could carry him.

The man dropped the bear skin and shouted, "Oh, ho, Mr. Kayak-builder, I scared you that time." Then poor Katerparsuk felt very much ashamed.

Every time this man saw Katerparsuk he made sport of him. He laughed at Katerparsuk because he ran away from a make-believe bear. He made fun of Katerparsuk because he was working with such poor tools. This made Katerparsuk very unhappy.

However, he did not give up building his kayak. He finished it. He learned to paddle it swiftly through the water.

Then he learned to fish. He became a good hunter. He learned to catch seals and walruses.

The years went by and Katerparsuk was a man. One day he saw the man who had been

so unkind to him when he was a boy. This man had grown old. When Katerparsuk saw

Katerparsuk learned to catch walruses

him he was out in his kayak fishing. Katerparsuk said to himself, "Oh, ho, now I shall play a joke on you." He ran home. He took the dried skin of a walrus. He crept into it and slipped into the water.

The old fisherman caught sight of the walrus skin. He thought it was a live walrus. He cried aloud, "What a big walrus! I must have him." He threw his harpoon at the walrus. Katerparsuk caught the harpoon. He pulled it down under the water and swam away with it.

He hurried home and hung the harpoon upon the wall of his igloo.

The very next day Katerparsuk invited all the men of that place to come to his igloo. They all came. Katerparsuk had a feast of reindeer meat and marrow for them.

While they were eating the old man began to boast. He said, "I saw a fine big walrus yesterday. No one else ever saw a walrus as big as it was. I hunted it for a long time. I stuck my harpoon in it but somehow it escaped. It carried my harpoon away with it, but I shall get it yet. It cannot escape me again."

Katerparsuk listened to the old man's boasting. Then he pointed to the harpoon which was hanging on his wall. "Look," he said, "there is your harpoon. You may take it home with you when you go."

Then he told the others of the joke which he had played upon the old man. Every one laughed. They all said, "You served him right, Katerparsuk, you served him right."

However, in his heart Katerparsuk felt sorry for the old man. They forgave each other and became fast friends.

OLAF AND EBBA

A Home in a Northern Land

Norway is a beautiful country across the sea. There the sea and the mountains are great friends. The mountains go far out to meet the sea. The sea comes far up into the land to greet the mountains.

In this beautiful land there are lakes as blue as the sky. There are great forests. There are large cities and little villages and there are many farms.

Olaf and Ebba live in Norway. They live on a farm in a valley among the mountains.

All around them are woods. In these woods many wild flowers grow and there the children go to gather berries.

The farmhouse in which they live was built many years ago. It is made of logs and is very strong. The roof is covered with bark from the birch tree. Double windows and thick oak doors keep out the cold through the long Norwegian winter.

When we go inside this strong little house we find a large living room. The wooden walls and ceiling are dark with age but the floor is snowy white. There are snow-white curtains at all the windows. The furniture in this room is made of wood. It is very strong and some of it is carved and painted in bright colors.

Some of the furniture is carved

There is a huge fireplace. It must take a great many big logs to fill it.

At one side of the room there is a spinning wheel and there is a loom, too.

If we peep through that open door we shall see one of the bedrooms. The floor of this room

is painted and is covered with sweet-smelling fir leaves. The beds are short and narrow. They are covered with pretty, bright-colored blankets.

In this snug little home in the valley Olaf and Ebba live happily with their father and mother and baby brother.

When we go outside again we see a group of little wooden houses near the dwelling. The walls of the little houses are dark brown with age. Some of them have roofs of earth, often grown over with soft green moss.

Copyright, 1917, by Keystone View Co.

An old Norwegian storehouse

If we ask Olaf and Ebba what these little houses are for they will tell us that they are storehouses.

In one of these little houses wool is kept. In another, salted meat and fish are stored. In one little house we see piles of the flat bread that Norwegians like so much. In a fourth little house are butter and cheese.

Copyright, 1917, by Keystone View Co.

A Rainy Afternoon

It is a rainy afternoon. The bright summer sun is hidden. The fields and meadows and woods are drenched with rain.

The children and their mother are gathered in the living room. Olaf is making a little water wheel. Ebba is playing with her doll. The mother is hushing the baby to sleep. As she rocks him to and fro she sings:

"Baby, rest thee in thy bed,
Mother is spinning the blue, blue thread,
Brother is blowing on a deer's horn,
Sister is grinding, grinding the corn,
And father is beating the drum."

"Mother," whispers Ebba, "sing the song about the kettle and the churn."

The mother smiles and nods. She sings:

"My baby lies a-warming
Warming his little hands.
The kettle is in a sputter,
The churn is bringing butter,
The horse is safe in the pasture.
The goats are playing among the rocks.
Among the heather the sheep are in flocks.
My baby lies a-warming
Warming his little hands."

Then she sings very softly over and over again

"Heigho and heigho
My little one, bye-o,
You are brave and you are bright.
The rain it pours,
The hurricane roars,
My baby sleeps all night."

The baby closes his eyes and sleeps. His mother carries him into the bedroom. Presently she returns to the living room, seats herself, and begins to spin.

"Mother," says Olaf, "I heard a riddle yesterday. I wonder if you can guess it."

Copyright, 1917, by Keystone View Co.

The mother returns to the living room and begins to spin

"What is it, my son?" asks his mother.

"Round as an egg, longer than a church wall," says Olaf.

His mother thinks for a moment. Then "Is it a ball of yarn?" she asks.

"Yes," answers Olaf, "that is right. It is a ball of yarn."

"That riddle was quite easy," says his

mother. "Give us another. Perhaps it will be too hard for me."

"Here is one," says Olaf. "Tell me what goes from the pasture to the shore and does not move."

"Is it a path?" asks his mother. Olaf shakes his head.

"Is it the brook?" asks Ebba.

"No," says Olaf, "and besides, the brook moves. It flows on and on. Do you give up, mother?"

"Yes," says his mother, "I give up."

"Do you give up, Ebba?"

"Yes, I give up," answers Ebba. "What is it?"

"It is a fence," says Olaf.

Just then the father enters the room.

"Well, mother," he says, "is n't it a good thing that the hay was all dried and put safely away before this drenching rain came?"

"Yes, indeed," answers the mother, "I think the house sprite must surely have helped you this time."

"The house sprite!" exclaim the children. "What is the house sprite? Have we a house sprite?"

The father and mother laugh.

"Have you never heard of the house sprite who helps hard-working farmers?" asks the father. "The house sprite, you must know, is a tiny little fellow. He has a sharp, old-looking little face under his pointed red cap. He wears a short jacket and short trousers of gray cloth and he wears tiny wooden shoes upon his nimble feet.

"He loves moonlight frolics and often on winter nights if your ears are sharp enough you can hear his merry laughter as he dashes by in his little sleigh.

"He usually works for some farmer to whom he has taken a liking. He draws water, and carries it, and feeds the horses long before lazy folk are out of bed. But it is at the harvest time that he works the hardest. For all his help he asks no pay but a gray sheep once a year."

"O, father, you are making fun of us," say the children.

"Tell them the story of Ulric and Eric," says the mother.

"I will," says the father. "Perhaps they will believe that."

He seats himself, takes up a beautiful door panel which he is carving, and, as he works, he tells the story of

ULRIC AND ERIC

Once upon a time there were two young farmers who were neighbors. Their names were Ulric and Eric.

Eric was industrious and saving. He was also helpful and kind to all. Though he was not exactly poor, yet as the years went by he did not grow richer.

His neighbor Ulric was not exactly lazy but he was not as industrious as Eric. Indeed, he was rather careless and although he seemed good-natured he was really selfish. As the years went by he grew richer and richer.

The reason for this was that a house sprite had taken a liking to Ulric and toiled for him day and night.

He looked after everything. There were no weeds in Ulric's garden. His hay was never wet by a sudden shower. His grain was never musty. His cows gave the richest milk. His sheep were covered with the longest and finest wool.

One autumn noon Ulric was sitting lazily in the sunshine. The little house sprite came by. He was carrying a stem of oats upon his back. Light as it was it made a heavy load for him.

The stem of oats made a heavy load for the little house sprite

Under the golden fringe of oats, his sharp little face, red and dusty and tired-looking, peered out.

When Ulric saw the little fellow and his load he burst out laughing.

"What difference does it make whether you bring me that or nothing?" he bawled.

The house sprite made no answer. He carried the oats to the barn. But from that day he never worked for Ulric. He left Ulric and

went to work for his kind and industrious neighbor Eric.

And I have often heard it said that from the day when Ulric laughed at the house sprite things went very badly with him. In a few years his farm did not look like the same place at all. His garden was choked with weeds. His hay was spoiled by the rain. His grain was poor. His fences were broken. His cows were hungry looking, and as for sheep, he had none at all.

But with Eric all went well. His house was the best, his farm the finest, in all the country round.

"And now, Master Olaf and Miss Ebba, what have you to say about the house sprite?"

"It must be very nice to have a house sprite," says little Ebba.

But Olaf says, "I think that things went badly with Ulric because he was lazy and selfish. And with Eric things went well because he was kind and hardworking. Eric was like you, father."

His father laughs, but his mother smiles and says, "I agree with you, my son."

PLAYTIME

It is a bright summer evening. Supper is over. Ebba and Olaf have run out to the woods. They have run out to pick berries and to play until bedtime. All their playmates have come out too.

"Oh, how I love the long summer days," says Ebba. "How nice it is to have it light all night long."

"Yes," answers Marie. "Doesn't it seem a shame to sleep at all these bright summer nights? I wish I were a bird. I would sleep

as little as they do. They seem to twitter and sing all night."

"If you girls talk so much we shall not have time to play," says Olaf. "Come, our baskets are full of berries. Let us set them down and play Shearing Oats."

The children join hands and form a ring. They dance around and sing:

"Shear, shear, shear the oats.
The sheaves must be bound.
My true love can do it.
Where can he be found?

"I saw him yester eve,
While bright the full moon shone.
You take yours, I take mine,
One is left standing alone."

As they sing, "You take yours, I take mine," they break the circle and each one tries to seize a partner. Olaf is left standing alone.

"Ah, Olaf, you must stand in the middle and cry," say the children.

Olaf stands in the middle and again the children dance and sing. This time it is Paul who must stand in the middle.

And so the game goes on with laughter and fun until the mothers call the children home.

CHRISTINE AND EBBA

It is a pleasant day in autumn. Little Christine, one of Ebba's little friends, has come to Ebba's house.

CHRISTINE. Ebba, can you come over to my house and play with me?

EBBA. I can't come to-day, Christine, I must take care of the baby. My mother is very busy. She is making the bread for the winter this week. She let me help her make some this morning.

CHRISTINE. O, Ebba, did she? What did she let you do?

EBBA. First I helped make the dough. We put in barley flour and oatmeal and ground peas. Then my grandmother showed me how to roll the dough into thin, flat, round cakes. I rolled mine so that they were as thin as paper. They were big cakes, too, Christine. They were almost as big as a wagon wheel.

CHRISTINE. Did you bake your cakes, too, Ebba?

EBBA. No, my mother baked them for me. She says she will put them away for my birthday. Won't that be nice?

Brown Bros.

"I rolled mine so that they were as thin as paper"

CHRISTINE. Yes, indeed. I wish I were big enough to make bread.

EBBA. My mother says that next week she will be salting meat and making the sausages for the winter and I may help her then, too. I like to help my mother. She calls me her little housekeeper.

CHRISTINE. Where were you last week, Ebba? I came to play with you one day but no one was at home.

EBBA. We were all at the fair in town. We were there for three days.

CHRISTINE. O, Ebba, did you go to the fair? Tell me about it.

EBBA. Well, in the first place Olaf and I wore our very best clothes. I wore my dress that mother wove for me last year, my blue dress with all the pretty silver buttons. And I wore my striped apron and my best striped stockings, and Olaf wore his yellow suit and his yellow cap.

We took many good things to eat with us. Mother packed them in the blue box, the big blue box with the red roses painted on it.

CHRISTINE. Where did you stay in town?

EBBA. Father rented a room for us there. It was near the pretty square where the band plays every day. O, Christine, it is so beautiful in town. Such fine big houses and churches and so many shops full of pretty things, and oh, so many, many people. Olaf and I liked the fair, but we liked the town better.

CHRISTINE. What did you see at the fair?

EBBA. We saw men dancing on ropes, and we saw men playing organs and violins, and people selling candy, and oh, many other things.

CHRISTINE. Did you buy things at the fair, Ebba?

EBBA. Yes, my father bought sugar and coffee and other things that we needed. He bought new skates for Olaf and me and he bought a pretty silver ring for me, too. I will show it to you some day, Christine. It is put away now in the box with my best clothes.

CHRISTINE. Oh, dear, how I wish I were big enough to go to the fair, but my mother says I am too little.

EBBA. Perhaps you will be next year. My mother says if children go to bed early and get up early they will grow tall and strong. Suppose you try that every day for a year.

CHRISTINE. I will, for I do want to be big enough to go to the fair.

EBBA. Baby is asleep. Let us play Bounce the Ball.

CHRISTINE. Oh, yes, Ebba, that is such fun.

EBBA. Let us play on these steps. First we will bounce the ball once on each step, then twice on each step, then three times on each step, and then four times on each step. We will play first with the right hand and then with the left.

The little girls play Bounce the Ball for a long time. It is great fun.

Brown Bros.

CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY

It is the day before Christmas.

"Come, children," says the mother, "we must all work hard to-day. We want the whole house to be clean and shining for Christmas. Olaf, you may go with father to the woods to get the tree and be sure you bring plenty of fir branches, too, so that we may have fresh fir leaves to strew on the clean floors."

"Mother," says Olaf, "I will bring so many branches you will think I am bringing the woods home to you."

His mother laughs. "When you come home," she says, "don't forget to put up the bunch of oats on the roof for the birds. They must have their Christmas, too.

"And you, Ebba, may be my own good little helper to-day. We will have nice clean floors and hang fresh curtains at every window before father and Olaf are back. And you may help me make the little sweet cakes for to-morrow."

The father is just leaving the room but he stops to ask, "Aren't we going to have our fish and rice to-morrow, mother?"

"Yes, indeed," says the mother. "It would not be a Norwegian Christmas dinner without the fish and rice."

What a busy day it is. When night comes everything is ready.

The house is bright and clean and sweet with the odor of fir. Candles are burning in every window. On the hearth a big fire is blazing. In the best room stands the Christmas tree. On it are gifts which the family have made for each other.

"To-morrow the first child who wakens may sing the Christmas song to wake the rest of us," says the mother.

"I shall be the first one, I know," says Olaf.

"Don't be too sure, Olaf," says his mother. "Perhaps Ebba may be the first."

But they waken together and long before dawn they sing together this sweet Christmas song:

I am so happy on Christmas morn
For then the dear little Christ-child was born.
The angels came his bright star to greet,
And sang to the shepherds their song so sweet.
So I sing and rejoice on Christmas morn,
The day when the dear little Christ-child was born."

JACOB AND KATRINA

A Dutch Boy and Girl

Jacob and Katrina are Dutch children. Their home is in Holland. They are pretty children. They have rosy cheeks, bright blue eyes, and fair hair.

Many of the children in Holland dress just as you do. But in the little town in which Jacob and Katrina live the grown people and the children, too, dress just as Dutch people did long ago.

Jacob's short jacket and baggy trousers are

made of velvet. His jacket is trimmed with rows of big silver buttons. He wears an odd little round cap. When he is out of doors he wears wooden shoes.

Katrina wears a white lawn waist and a pretty black velvet jacket. Her wide, full skirts are blue or red or green. When she goes out she covers her pretty yellow hair with a white cap, made of linen, with curious ornaments at each side. The ornaments are made of gold. They belonged to Katrina's grandmother when she was a little girl. Katrina, too, wears wooden shoes when she goes out of doors.

When the children come into the house they leave their wooden shoes outside the door. They usually wear slippers in the house but sometimes they run about in their stocking feet. When Jacob and Katrina go to school they leave their shoes outside the schoolhouse door. All the children do this. There are rows of little wooden shoes outside every schoolhouse door. Some of these wooden shoes are old, some are new. Some are soiled, some are snowy white. Some are plain, some are carved. When school is over the little owners of the shoes come out. Each one picks out his own

shoes. He slips them on and away he runs, clitter clatter, over the cobblestones to his home.

Jacob and Katrina run clattering over the cobblestones with the other children.

They live in a tall brick house. It is gayly painted blue and red. The roof is covered with bright red tiles. There is a shining brass knocker on the front door.

How clean everything is. The windows are shining. On the front of the house not a speck

Jacob and Katrina live in a tall brick house

of dust is to be seen. The steps and the sidewalks are spotless. Every morning a strong-armed maid comes out with a pail and a scrubbing brush. She rubs and scrubs until everything is clean and shining.

Let us go inside. This large, pleasant room is the living room. Its floor is covered with red tiles. The chairs and tables are strong and heavy. They are made of wood. They are polished until you can see your face in them.

There is an open fireplace with a high mantel. On the mantel shelf is a row of shining porcelain plates. All around the fireplace are pretty blue and white tiles.

Telling Stories

It was a cold, rainy afternoon. The children could not play outdoors. Their little neighbors, Hilda and Hans, had come to visit them. They sat before the fire in the living room. The firelight danced on the blue and white tiles.

"How pretty your tiles are," said Hilda.

"Yes," said Katrina, "I think they are very pretty. I like the pictures and I like the stories, too."

Brown Bros.

There is an open fireplace with a high mantel

"I tell you what," said Hans. "Let each of us choose the tile he likes best and tell the story of the picture on that tile."

The children agreed.

"You choose first, Hilda," said Katrina.

Hilda chose the story of Moses. When she had finished her story it was Katrina's turn.

"I like the story of David best," said Katrina, and she told the story of the shepherd boy who became a king.

Then it was Hans' turn. "I choose the story of Joseph," he said. "I think he was fine to forgive those brothers of his who had treated him so cruelly."

Last of all came Jacob's turn. "I will tell the story of Daniel in the lions' den," said he.

The children enjoyed their story-telling very much. After that, whenever it was too stormy to play outside, they told stories.

Jacob, who loved to read, told many stories of the brave men of Holland.

Hilda knew many fairy stories. One afternoon when it was her turn to tell a story she asked: "Have you ever heard the story of Red Cap?"

"No," said the others, "tell it to us, Hilda."

So Hilda told the story of

RED CAP

Once there was a poor farmer whose wife fell sick. The farmer worked hard all day. One night after supper he said to his wife, "I am very tired. I will lie down and sleep for a few hours. Then I will rise up and churn, for the butter must be ready to take to market in the morning."

He lay down and slept for a few hours. At midnight he rose from his bed and went into the kitchen. He had left everything ready. The milk was in large pans by the fire. The churn stood near by. The fire was still burning. A big armchair was drawn up before it, and curled up in the armchair was a tiny man, fast asleep. By the light of the fire the farmer saw that his visitor was dressed in red from head to foot. His little shoes, his pointed cap, all were bright, bright red. The noise of the farmer's wooden shoes wakened the sleeper. He started up and looked at the farmer, but did not utter a word.

The farmer was silent, also. He took a bundle of firewood from a corner. He threw it down by the hearth so that the tiny visitor should have wood to keep the fire burning. Then he stole quietly to his bed.

The next morning when he got up he found the butter all ready to take to market. It was the best butter the farmer had ever tasted, and there was twice as much as his wife could have made.

This happened two or three times. When the farmer's wife was well again, the farmer said sorrowfully, "Now I suppose Red Cap will leave us."

But no, Red Cap still churned for them. And now the farmer became rich. He bought many cows and he was able to lay by a stockingful of shining dollars.

And no wonder, for Red Cap did all the work of the farm. He plowed the fields. He sowed the seed. He took care of the cattle. He gathered in the harvest.

As for the farmer, he became idle and good for nothing. He wasted his time and his money. This did not please Red Cap. He spoke to the man about his idle ways and the man

The farmer became rich and bought many cows

promised to do better. But he soon broke his promise. One night he returned to his house very late. Red Cap was sitting by the fire. The farmer's wife had placed a bundle of firewood near by so that the tiny man could keep himself warm. When the farmer entered the room Red Cap looked up.

"Is this the way you keep your promise?" he asked. "I am tired of your idle ways and if you do not mend them you will be sorry."

The farmer made no reply. He seized the wood which his wife had laid by the fire. He ran out into the yard with it and threw it into the well. At that moment Red Cap vanished.

The farmer who had become too lazy to work did nothing. His stockingful of money was soon spent. His cows were uncared for and one after another died. His fields were not plowed. He had no crops.

Then the farmer was sorry. He hoped that Red Cap would come back. He called and called him. But Red Cap would not come. He shouted down the farmer's chimney. He tapped at the windows. He whistled through the keyhole. He played many a prank but the poor farmer never, never saw Red Cap again.

"Red Cap served the farmer right," cried Hans, when the story was done.

"I think when the poor farmer was sorry Red Cap should have come back," said kind little Katrina.

"Here comes our mother with some nice fresh doughnuts for us," cried Jacob.

The children enjoyed the doughnuts, and as they ate them they still talked of Red Cap and the farmer. They could not decide whether Red Cap should have come back or not. What do you think about it?

The Dikes

One night Katrina and her father were sitting before the fire. Katrina was playing with her doll. Her father was smoking his long Dutch pipe and reading his newspaper.

Katrina waited until he had laid his paper aside, then she asked, "Father, why do we have dikes in our country?"

"Because our country is so flat and low," answered her father. "Holland, you know, is often called the Netherlands, or Lowlands, because it is lower than the sea.

"To keep the sea from running over our land we have built strong walls. These walls are called dikes."

"What are the dikes made of, father?" asked Katrina.

"They are built of earth and stone," answered her father. "Sometimes the dikes are so wide that little houses are built on top of them and trees grow there."

"Yes," said Katrina, "I have seen that myself and I have seen people in carriages driving on the dikes."

"Yet, sometimes," her father went on, "a hole will come in these thick, strong dikes.

Brown Bros.

Sometimes the dikes are so wide that houses are built on them

The hole may be very small at first, but unless it is stopped up it becomes larger and larger. Then the sea rushes in and quickly floods the land.

"Our people are always watching to keep such a thing from happening. When a strong wind is blowing and the sea dashes against the dikes, men are on the watch day and night. If one of these watchmen finds a leak in the dike he rings a big bell. Every one knows what that means and the people come running

as fast as they can. They all work hard to mend the dike."

Just then the mother came into the room with her knitting.

"Father," she said, "do you remember the story of the brave boy who saved the dike?"

"Indeed I do," answered her husband.

"Then tell it to the child. She will enjoy it," said the mother.

"This boy," began the father, "lived long ago. His name was Peter. One evening as he was going on an errand for his mother he saw a hole in the dike. It was a lonely place. He was afraid to go for help because the hole was fast growing bigger. What could he do? Just then a bright thought came to him. He thrust his arm into the hole and so kept the water back.

"All night the brave boy stayed there. When morning dawned some men came by. They quickly saw what Peter was doing. Some of them hastened to mend the dike. The others carried the tired little Peter to his home. His mother was anxiously looking for her boy. 'Here he is,' shouted the men. 'Here is your brave little Peter.'"

"That is a fine story," said little Katrina.

St. Nicholas

"Come, children," says the mother one day early in December, "come, to-morrow is St. Nicholas Day and you must get your wooden shoes ready."

"I'm going to scrub mine very clean, indeed," says Katrina.

"So am I," cries Jacob. "And, mother, I want a fine big carrot to put in mine."

"I want a carrot, too," says Katrina.

"Very well," answers their mother, "scrub your shoes well, and you shall each have a fine big carrot and a bunch of hay for the good saint's horse."

"And then in the morning the carrots and the hay will be gone and our shoes will be full of presents," says Katrina. "Oh, I can hardly wait!" and she scrubs harder and faster than ever.

"And I wonder what St. Nicholas will bring me," says Jacob. "I want a new pair of skates, a knife, and a story book."

"Oh, I want skates, too," cries Katrina, "and a new doll, and candy, and a necklace. I hope St. Nicholas will bring them all. Do you think he will, mother?"

The mother smiles and answers, "I have heard of children finding nothing but a rod in their shoes."

The children laugh and say, "O, mother, you are trying to tease us. The rod is for naughty children and you always say that we are good. You know that you do, mother."

That night the shoes, filled with hay and carrots, are set carefully by the fireplace in the living room.

In the morning, sure enough, the hay and the carrots are gone. In their place Katrina and Jacob find all the things for which they had wished.

"You see, mother," says Katrina, "the good St. Nicholas knew just what we wanted and has brought them all."

"I wonder," says Jacob, "why St. Nicholas always brings his presents in the night."

"Because he does not like to have people know who it is that brings the gifts," says their father. "Have you never heard the old story of how St. Nicholas began to bring gifts to people?"

"Tell it to us please, father," beg the children.

"Once upon a time," the father begins, "there was a man who lost all his money. He became so poor that he made up his mind to sell his children.

"St. Nicholas heard of it. He felt very sorry for the poor father and his children. He went to their house in the night and dropped some money in through a broken window. In

On St. Nicholas morning Jacob and Katrina found all the things for which they had wished

the morning when the poor man found the money you may be sure he was glad.

"The next night St. Nicholas came again. This time he climbed up on the roof and dropped a purse full of gold down the chimney. Now the man was no longer poor. He and his children were comfortable and happy. The good saint rejoiced at their happiness and so every year at this time he comes, bringing gifts to make people happy, and he always comes in the night."

Skating

How glad Jacob and Katrina are when January comes. Then Jack Frost is ruler of the land. The rivers and canals are covered with ice.

Then Jacob and Katrina put on the bright new skates St. Nicholas brought them and away they glide over the ice.

On every canal and river boys and girls are skating. The fathers and mothers are skating, too. Yes, even the grandfathers and grandmothers are skating, and some tiny children are learning to skate.

Men skate to their work. The children

Brown Bros.

The rivers and canals are covered with ice and on every one there is skating

skate to school. Girls from the farms glide swiftly along carrying pails of butter and cheese or baskets of eggs. The milkman pushes his sledful of milk cans over the ice. The butcher's boy skates from place to place with his basket of meat. And there is the baker's boy, too, with a great basketful of long loaves of bread.

The doctor is skating to see the poor people who are too sick to be out on the ice.

Let us hope he will make them well soon so they can come out and enjoy the fun.

There are many sleighs on the ice. How pretty they are! Some are shaped like boats. Some are shaped like swans. The horses are decked with gayly nodding plumes.

There are many push chairs, too. These chairs are on runners. In each chair sits a lady. She is wrapped in furs. Her feet rest on a little foot stove. She leans back upon soft cushions. Her servant skates behind the chair and pushes it over the ice.

There are curious looking ice boats. Some of these ice boats are loaded with hay. Some are loaded with vegetables. They all carry sails and away they glide as swiftly as birds on the wing.

On the bank are many little booths. In these booths coffee and milk, biscuits and little cakes are sold.

Jacob cries, "O, father, I am hungry."

"I am hungry, too," says Katrina.

"I think we all are hungry," says their father. "Come, let us have hot coffee and some of these nice little cakes."

Night comes and now the ice is crowded

The ice is crowded with skaters Brown Bros.

with skaters. How merry every one is! They all laugh and shout and sing as they glide over the gleaming ice.

The Summer House

"The storks have come back! The storks have come back!" shouts Jacob. "They have come to their old nest on the chimney."

"That is good," says his father, "the house is always lucky where the storks build their nests."

Yes, the storks have come back from the

Southland. Jack Frost has gone to his home among the icebergs in the frozen North. He has taken all the snow and ice with him. Soon spring flowers appear. Tulips, hyacinths, and daffodils are everywhere. Holland seems like one big garden.

One bright, warm day the mother says, "Come, children, we are going to the summer house this afternoon."

She is busy filling a big basket with good things to eat.

"I am going to take my doll," says Katrina.

"And I will take my new fishing rod," says Jacob.

"O, mother," says Katrina, "may I fish, too?"

"Yes," answers her mother, "if you promise not to fall into the canal. Come, we must hurry or we shall miss the boat."

But they do not miss the boat and soon they are on board. What a queer looking boat it is. It looks very much like a house. It is gayly painted. Its many little windows have snow-white curtains at them. It is drawn by a horse. He jogs along a path by the side of the canal. His driver carries a horn.

Brown Bros.

Tulips, hyacinths, and daffodils are everywhere

The family find seats near a little window. The father smokes his long Dutch pipe. The mother is busy knitting. She has her feet on her little foot stove. The children look out of the window. They see many other boats just like theirs. As the boats pass each other the drivers toot their horns. On goes the boat. What fun it is to look out of the window.

"Oh, oh," says Katrina, "what pretty gardens! See, mother."

The father looks out of the window, too. "There are fine cows in that meadow," he says to his wife.

"Yes," she answers, "I suppose there are no finer cows anywhere in the world."

Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.

"We could n't get along without our windmills"

"That is so," agrees her husband. "Dutch cows are the finest in the world."

"Father," says Jacob, "why have we so many windmills in Holland?"

"Well," says his father, "we need them. Farmers use them to drain their fields. Millers use them to grind grain. Some windmills are crushing stone. Some are sawing wood. We could n't get along without our windmills."

"I think they are pretty," says Katrina. "They are painted in so many bright colors."

"I like to watch their big sails go round and round," says Jacob. "When I am a man I am going to live in a windmill."

"Oh," says Katrina, "let me live with you, Jacob. What fun that will be! We will paint our windmill blue with pretty red and yellow stripes."

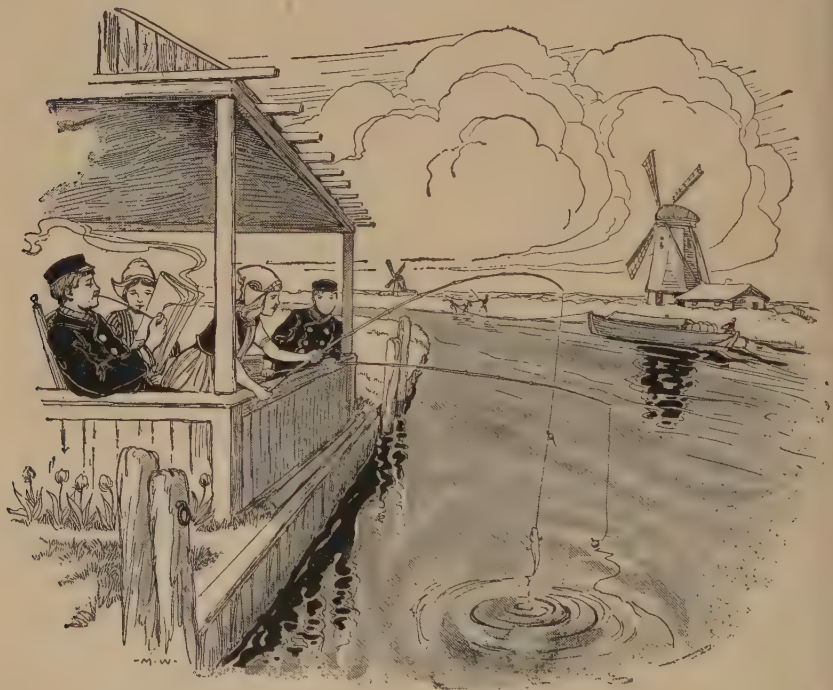
But now they have come to the summer house. It is a little house built close to the water's edge. It is gayly painted in red and yellow and green.

The father smokes and reads his paper. The mother knits. Jacob and Katrina have a fine time fishing. Every time they catch a fish they shout for joy.

After a while Katrina grows tired of fishing. She plays with her doll. She walks in a pretty little garden and picks some flowers to carry home. She feeds the ducks and the snow-white swans with their broods of little ones that are swimming about in the canal. And now the mother calls, "Come, children, coffee is ready," and they all enjoy the nice luncheon of bread and cheese, little cakes, doughnuts, and coffee.

"Father," says little Katrina, "the next time

we come on the boat to our summer house may we ask Hilda and Hans to come with us? They have no summer house, you know."



Jacob and Katrina have a fine time fishing

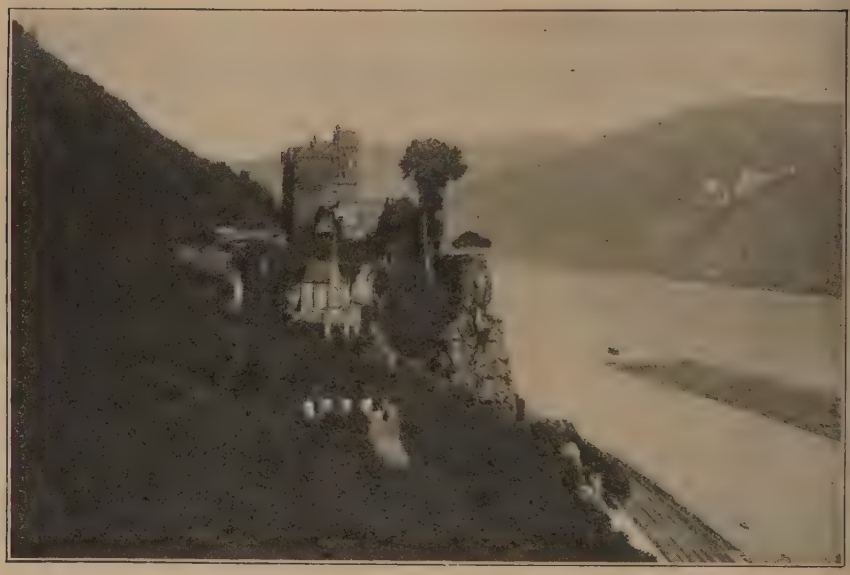
"Yes, my dear little Katrina," answers her father.

And now homeward they go just as the sun is setting. The sky is aglow with crimson and gold. The water is crimson and gold, too.

Katrina cuddles close to her father's side as they watch the sunset.

"Father," she says, "we have lovely times together, don't we?"

And again her father answers, "Yes, my dear little Katrina."



WILHELM AND FRIEDA

A Boy and Girl of Germany

Wilhelm and Frieda live in Germany. Their home is in a little city near the beautiful river Rhine.

Round about the city are high hills. On many of the hills are old, old castles. These castles were the homes of rich barons, and down these green hills knights in glittering armor used to ride.

Wilhelm and Frieda love the beautiful river.

They like to watch the boats that go up and down upon its waters. Some of these boats are carrying grain. Some are loaded with fruits and vegetables. Some are bringing tea and coffee and spices from far-off lands. Some are bringing silks and velvets and many other beautiful things.

The children often pick out a boat and try to guess what it is carrying. They wonder where it came from and where it is going. They wish they might sail with it and see the great cities along the shores of the mighty river.

It is fun to watch the boats, but Wilhelm and Frieda do not have much time to spend in this way. They go to school and they must study their lessons and also help their parents at home.

They wish they might see the great cities along the shores of the river

Their father has a garden. In this garden he raises many vegetables for market. In the

Their father raises vegetables for market and Wilhelm and Frieda work in the garden

summer Wilhelm and Frieda work in the garden. They pull up weeds. They hoe the cabbages and potatoes. They help to gather the vegetables and get them ready for market day in the little city.

They take care of a flock of geese, too. Frieda often watches the geese as they feed by the roadside. As she keeps watch so that the

geese may not stray away, her little hands are busy knitting.

Every summer a fair is held in the streets of this little city.

The older people go to the fair to buy and sell things that are made of wood, or iron, or cloth, or leather.

The children like to go because there are bands of music and animal shows and swings and merry-go-rounds. What fun it is to gallop round and round on a prancing lion or a long-necked giraffe, while the band plays a lively tune! And what fun it is to buy a gingerbread man with shining currant eyes and to eat him as one watches the merry dancers go round and round!

Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

They like to see the animal shows

Playtime

It is a summer evening. Wilhelm and Frieda have just had their supper.

"Now, children," says their mother, "you may run out and play until bedtime."

Out run Wilhelm and Frieda. All the other boys and girls come running out of their houses, too. There are Fritz and Louis and Emil and Carl. And here come Lena and Elsa, Rosa and Marie, and half a dozen more.

"Come," says Elsa, "let us play Golden Bridge. Frieda and Louis are the tallest so they shall make the bridge."

"All right," cry Frieda and Louis. They whisper together. "I will be the moon," says Frieda. "I will be the sun," says Louis. Then Louis and Frieda join hands and hold them high. The other children form in line and march under this bridge. As they march, they sing:

"Golden bridge, golden bridge,
Gold bridge over the water,
Who broke you?
The goldsmith and his daughter.
All march through,
All march through,
With spear and rod held over you."

Down comes the bridge and Carl is caught.

"Which will you have," Frieda and Louis whisper to him, "the moon or the sun?"

"I will have the moon," he whispers back.

"Then go behind me," says Frieda.

Again the line marches and sings. Down comes the bridge again and this time Marie is caught.

And so the game goes on until all have been caught and all have chosen either the moon or the sun.

"Now," cries Louis, "we will see which is the stronger, the moon or the sun. All hold tight and pull. Pull hard!"

Louis's line breaks and down fall the children on the ground. Frieda's side clap their hands and shout, "The moon is the stronger! The moon is the stronger!"

"And now what shall we play?" asks Elsa, who is always the leader.

"Let us play Come We Will A-Wandering Go," says Lena.

"No," cry the others, "let us play Ring, Ring a Rosy Ring. That is ever so much more fun."

"Yes, that is more fun," agrees Lena.

They quickly form a circle and march around singing:

"Ring, ring a rosy ring.
Now a pot of water bring.
In the morning we'll be washing.
Little wash, big wash,
Cock-a-doodle-doo."

As they sing "Cock-a-doodle-doo," down they stoop—all but Fritz.

"Ah, Fritz," they shout, "you are too slow. You must stand in the middle."

Round they go again. This time every one shouts, "Rosa is caught, Rosa is caught."

Rosa laughs and runs into the middle of the ring.

Again the children circle round and round. Again, as they sing "Cock-a-doodle-doo," they stoop. This time they all stoop so quickly that no one is caught.

"Let us change the game," says Frieda. "Let us play Adam Had Seven Sons. That is the best game of all. And let Fritz stand in the middle. He can think of so many funny things to do."

Again they form the circle and Fritz stands in the middle.

Brown Bros.

Round they go again and this time Rosa is caught

As they stand in the circle they all sing:

"Adam had seven sons,
Seven sons had Adam.
They ate not.
They drank not.
All do as I do,
As I do."

As they sing "All do as I do," they watch Fritz and do just as he does.

What funny capers he cuts! Sometimes he

is a frog hopping about or a rooster flapping his wings and crowing. Sometimes he is a stork standing on one leg. Then he quickly changes and is a long-eared donkey, and the others must all be long-eared donkeys, too.

How they laugh and shout until they hear their mothers calling, "Come, children, come. It is time to go to bed."

"Good night, good night," they call to each other as they run quickly home.

Wilhelm and Frieda's Home

Should you like to visit Wilhelm and Frieda's home? It is a little house built of wood. It is strong and pretty, too.

Inside it is very neat and clean. Its painted floors are smooth and shining. The strong plain chairs and tables and the great porcelain stove are all bright and clean, too.

It is a winter evening. The family are gathered around the table. The children are learning their lessons for the next day. The mother is knitting. The father is carving a beautiful wooden box.

"Mother, dear," says Wilhelm, "my lessons are all done. I wish you would tell us a story."

"I have done all my work, too," says Frieda. "Please, please, dear little mother, do tell us a story."

The mother looks at the pretty carved wooden clock that hangs upon the wall.

"It is early yet," she says. "But what shall I tell you? You have heard all my stories over and over again."

"Suppose I tell you a story," says the father. "It is one I heard my mother tell many times. It is the story of the Wreath 'berg.'"

The children clap their hands and settle themselves to listen while their father tells them the story of

THE WREATH "BERG"

Near my dear old mother's home there is a hill which for many years has been called the Wreath "berg."

It seems that in olden times a castle stood upon that hill. Within its strong stone walls lords and ladies lived. At the foot of the hill was a little village, with its tiny houses crowded close together. Just beyond was a great dark forest.

One of the old lords of the castle had an only

daughter. One day when the little girl was about five years old she stole out of the castle. She wandered down the hill and was lost in the great dark forest.

That evening a charcoal burner found her. She was sitting on the ground singing a little song. As she sang she wove a wreath of forest flowers.

At first the charcoal burner thought that the pretty child must be a fairy. He spoke to her and she looked up fearlessly into his blackened face.

"Who are you, my pretty child?" asked he.

"My name is Elsa," answered the little one.

"Where do you live?" asked the charcoal burner.

"I live with my papa."

"And what is your papa's name?" asked the old man.

"His name is papa," said the child.

The poor old charcoal burner was puzzled. He knew not what to do, but he did the best he could. He carried the little one to his hut in the forest and took good care of her. As for her, she seemed as happy as the day was long.

The lord of the castle with his knights and servants searched everywhere for the little lost Elsa but could not find her.

After many days some of the men from the village found the little one in a meadow. There she sat among the grasses. She was singing her little song and weaving a wreath of meadow flowers.

Elsa led the villagers to the hut of the kind old charcoal burner. Then they carried her with great rejoicing to the castle.

The good old charcoal burner followed after. In his hand he carried the wreath of meadow flowers.

When he reached the castle he found the little Elsa clasped in her father's arms.

With tears of joy the father thanked the kind old man. He took the wreath and had it hung high up on his castle wall. He gave to the hill and to his castle the name of "Wreathberg." To the good old charcoal burner who had been so kind to his dear little Elsa and to the villagers who had found her, he gave the meadow, to be theirs forever.

Every year, from that day to this, a great feast is held in the village at the foot of the

hill. With shouts of rejoicing and with the music of trumpets and horns the villagers hang

The charcoal burner followed after, carrying the wreath of meadow flowers

a huge wreath from the top of the highest tree.

Then there are feasting and singing and dancing in the little village of Wreathberg.

Many a time my dear old mother sang and danced at the feast. Many a time she heard the story of the little Elsa, whose wreath of wild flowers hung on the castle wall, long, long ago.

At Christmas Time

"Just a few days more and Christmas will be here," says Frieda one night.

Frieda and Wilhelm and their parents are sitting in the living room. With them are their cousins, Emil, Fritz, and little Marie, and their mother. They all seem to be waiting for some one.

Marie says, "Oh, mamma, will Uncle Rupert never come?"

Just then there is a rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat-tat at the door. The children all jump up from their chairs.

"Run, Wilhelm," says his father, "open the door. It must be Uncle Rupert at last."

Wilhelm runs to the door and opens it. In comes an old man whose long snow-white beard and hair almost hide his face. He has a big brown bag upon his back. It seems to be very heavy and out of the top sticks a bunch of switches.

The grown people rise and say, "Welcome, Uncle Rupert, good evening to you."

"Good evening," says Uncle Rupert. "Are there any children here?" And he looks around him with eyes that twinkle under his snowy locks.

"Yes," answer the parents. "Come, children, speak to Uncle Rupert."

So the children come forward and each one says shyly, "Good evening, Uncle Rupert"—all but little Marie, who says, "Oh, dear Uncle Rupert, I am so glad you have come."

"And who is this little maiden?" asks Uncle Rupert.

"This is Marie," says her mother.

"And is she a good child?" asks Uncle Rupert.

"Yes," says her mother, smiling. "Marie is usually a good child. But I must tell you, Uncle Rupert, she often cries when I wash her face and hands."

"That is strange," says Uncle Rupert. "I am surprised that such a sweet looking child should love to be so dirty."

"I don't love to be dirty, Uncle Rupert," says little Marie.

"Well, don't cry any more when mamma wants to make you clean," says Uncle Rupert.

"Is there a girl named Frieda here?" he asks.

"This is Frieda," says her mother.

"Is Frieda a good girl?"

"Yes," says her mother. "Frieda studies hard in school and she is a helpful child at home. She is knitting all her own stockings and mittens."

"Good! good!" says Uncle Rupert. "And which is Wilhelm?"

"I am Wilhelm," says Wilhelm, stepping forward.

"And are you a good boy?"

"Indeed he is," says the mother. "He, too, does well in school. He is learning to play the violin and he is also a good, helpful child at home."

"Good, again," says Uncle Rupert, looking kindly at Frieda and Wilhelm. "And now," he asks, "where is Emil?"

Emil comes from beside his mother's chair and stands before Uncle Rupert.

"Emil," says Uncle Rupert, "I have heard that you are lazy at school and at home; that you are greedy at the table, and that you are unkind to your little sister. Is that true?"

Emil hangs his head and does not answer.

"Is it true?" asks Uncle Rupert again.

"Yes, Uncle Rupert," says Emil's mother. "I am sorry to say it is all true."

"Then," says Uncle Rupert, "I have a fine bundle of switches for a naughty boy."

He takes the bunch of switches from the bag. Emil runs to the other side of the room. Uncle Rupert runs after him and chases him around the room.

Little Marie cries, "O, dear Uncle Rupert, please do not whip Emil. He will be good, won't you, Emil?"

"Yes, yes," says Emil.

"You will work hard in school?" asks Uncle Rupert.

"Yes, Uncle Rupert," says poor Emil.

"And you will not be greedy at the table?"

"No, Uncle Rupert."

"And you promise to be kind to your little sister?"

"Yes, Uncle Rupert, I promise."

"Well," says Uncle Rupert, shaking the bundle of switches, "I will let you off this time, but next Christmas if I do not hear a good report of you I shall use my switches. Now, where is Fritz? Fritz, come forth."

Fritz comes and stands before Uncle Rupert.

"What is this I hear of you, Fritz?" asks Uncle Rupert. "I am told that you do not

get up in the morning when you are called and that you are often late for school. Must I use my switches to make you smarter?"

"I have a fine bundle of switches for a naughty boy"

"No, no, Uncle Rupert," cries Fritz. "I will get up when my mother calls me, indeed I will."

"See that you do," says Uncle Rupert.

He sets his bag upon the floor and from it takes several bundles.

"These," he says, "are for Wilhelm and Frieda," and he gives two of the bundles to their mother.

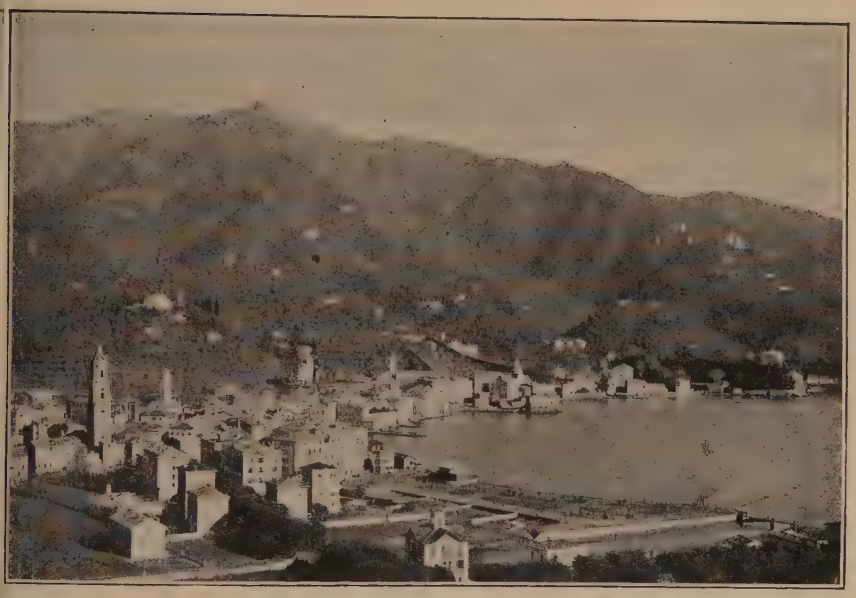
Then, turning to Emil's mother, "Give these," he says, "to Emil and Fritz and little Marie."

"Thank you, thank you, Uncle Rupert!" cry the children.

Uncle Rupert takes his bag upon his back. He stands for a moment looking kindly at the children, who are gathered around him. Then he says:

"Heaven bless you all, my children dear,
And keep you safe from harm and fear.
On each child who strives kind and good to grow,
Many a gift shall I bestow.
But if naughty you are and your work will not do,
Uncle Rupert can bring only switches for you."

And with a "Good night, all," Uncle Rupert is gone.



MARIETTA AND GUIDO

A Little Brother and Sister of Italy

In a little Italian village on the side of a hill live Marietta and her brother Guido. They are happy children, with smiling faces, and big black eyes that sparkle with fun. They are pretty children, too. Their skin is dark and they have a soft, rosy color in their cheeks. Their hair is black and thick and long.

The little gray stone house perched upon the hillside is their home. Its tiny windows have no

glass. They are covered with oiled paper. The floor is made of stone. At one side of the room there is a tiny stove made of bricks. In this little stove the mother makes a small fire of charcoal.

The little house seems dark and bare and cold. But Marietta and Guido love the sunshine so much that they spend very little time in their dark, chilly little home. They work out in the fields with their parents. Sometimes they make hay. Sometimes they gather fruit or vegetables for market. They often go to the market place in the city with their mother.

On market day the family get up very early indeed. How busy they all are. They saddle the sturdy little donkey. He must carry two large baskets. These baskets are heavy with vegetables and fruit.

Now they are all ready. Down the steep hillside they go. Guido leads the donkey. The mother and Marietta walk alongside.

Sometimes the children take turns in riding on the patient little donkey's back. He does not seem to mind if his load is a little heavier.

Many other people are going to market, too. There are men carrying great baskets of

vegetables. One man is driving a long-legged calf. Another is carrying a little lamb on his shoulders. There are women with baskets of fresh eggs. Upon their heads other women are carrying huge bundles of wood. Marietta and Guido are very glad that they have a good little donkey to carry their heavy loads upon his sturdy back.

The streets of the city are so narrow and the houses so high that as you look up the roofs almost seem to touch

At last they reach the city. The streets are very narrow. Sometimes the people must step up into the doorways to let the donkey pass by. The houses are very high. In many of the houses the lower floors are like splendid palaces. There rich people live. In the upper floors of these tall houses many poor families are crowded together.

When the children and their mother reach the market place they unpack the baskets. They

pile the fruits and vegetables on little stands. Golden oranges are in one pile. Red tomatoes

The mother sits beneath her big umbrella and waits for customers

are in another. Purple eggplants, green peppers, and silvery-skinned onions are all in their own places.

The mother opens a huge umbrella and places it over the stands. She seats herself in its shade and waits patiently for customers to come. As she waits she knits. Marietta and Guido sit at her feet or wander about talking to the people that they know.

There is a man roasting chestnuts. He knows the children and gives them two or three piping hot chestnuts. Marietta and Guido thank him and run back to share the gift with their mother.

Here comes a boy driving a flock of goats. He stops before a house. Out comes a woman with a bottle. The boy kneels on the ground and milks one of the goats. The milk runs into the bottle. Soon the bottle is full. The

Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.

The housekeeper knows the milk is fresh because the goat is milked at her door

boy hands the bottle back to the woman. She goes back into the house well pleased because she knows that the milk is fresh and pure.

There is a woman selling flowers. She smiles at Guido and gives him two bright red carnations. He sticks one over each ear and runs back again to his mother to let her see how fine he looks.

Marietta and Guido like to come to the market. They like to see the crowds of people. They like the noise of the talking and laughing. They like the bright colors of the fruits and vegetables and flowers. They like the warmth and the sunshine, and the deep blue sky over all.

Games

It is evening. The work in the field is done for the day. The evening meal is over. The parents are resting after the long day's toil. The children are playing in the village street.

Marietta has a group of little ones around her. "Come," she says, "let us play Chicken Market. You seven little ones may be chickens. Teresa will be buyer and I will be the market woman."

"Stand in a row, little chickens. Now stoop

down and clasp your hands under your knees. That is right. Don't unclasp your hands and don't laugh, no matter what happens."

"May we smile?" asks little Toto.

"No," says Marietta, "you must not even smile. Here comes the buyer."

"Have you any chickens?" asks the buyer.

"Yes, I have very nice chickens," answers the market woman. "Would you like to try them?"

"If you please," says the buyer.

Then the buyer goes behind the row of chickens. She places her hands upon the first little chicken's head.

"This," she says, "is too tough." She tries the second. "This is too old," she says. She tries the third. "This chicken is too skinny," she says. At last she says, "This one is just right."

Then the buyer and the market woman take hold of the little chicken's arms and swing it. "One, two, three," they count as they swing it. "You are a good little chicken. You kept your hands clasped and you did not laugh."

Then the game goes on. This time the buyer chooses Toto, "One, two, three."

"Oh, Toto, you laughed," the children cry.

"Toto is a bad little chicken! Toto is a bad little chicken!"

Presently all the chickens are sold.

"What shall we play now?" asks Teresa.

Just then Guido joins the group.

"Let us play Filberta," he says. "I have a pocketful of filberts and so has Giovanni."

"But Filberta is a boys' game," says Teresa.

"Girls can play it, too," says Guido. "Come, I'll show you how.

"We put these three nuts on the ground close together and put another one on top. That makes a little castle. Now a little way off we make another little castle and another here and here and here, until you see we have a long row of little castles. Now, Giovanni, you stand here about a yard from the first little castle. Take a filbert in your hand and stoop down. Throw it and see how many of our little castles you can hit."

Giovanni does as Guido says.

"Bravo, bravo!" the children cry. "Giovanni has knocked down three castles."

"That was good," says Guido. "Now let Teresa try."

"Ah, Teresa has overthrown two castles."

And so the game goes merrily on. At last Guido says, "It is too dark to play any more."

"Then," says Marietta, "let us sit down and eat the filberts, Guido. That will make a fine ending for your game."

Stories

Marietta and Guido love stories. An old, old woman lives in their village. This old, old woman knows many stories.

Often in the evening the children, and grown people, too, gather round her. They listen while she tells them some curious old tale.

One of the stories that the children like best is the story of

THE COCK AND THE MOUSE

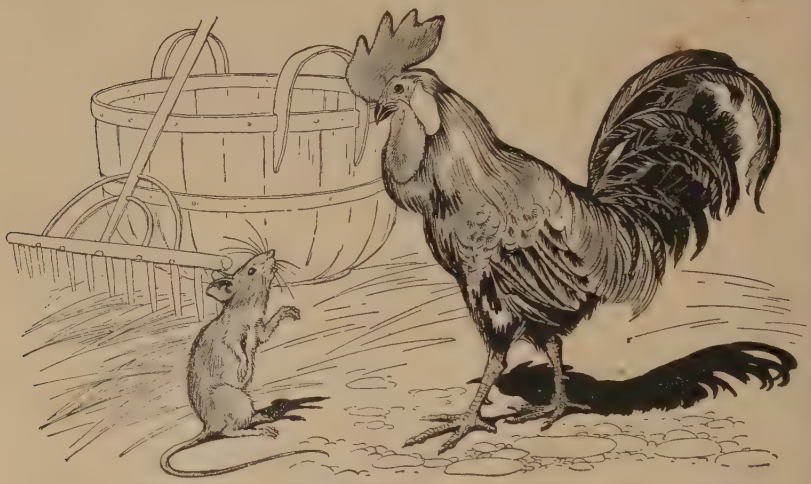
Once upon a time there were a cock and a mouse who were friends.

One day the mouse said to the cock, "Friend Cock, shall we go and eat some nuts on yonder tree?"

"Yes, with all my heart," replied the cock.

They both went to the tree. The mouse ran quickly up into the branches and began to eat.

The cock tried again and again to fly up into the tree but could not. At last he gave



One day the mouse said, "Friend Cock, shall we go and eat some nuts on yonder tree?"

up trying and called out, "Friend Mouse, throw a nut down to me, will you?"

The mouse threw a big nut down and hit the cock on the head. The poor cock, with his head all cut and bleeding, went away.

He went to an old woman.

"Old woman," he said, "I pray you give me some rags to bind up my broken head."

"I will," said the old woman, "if you will give me some hair."

The cock went to a dog.

"Dog," said he, "give me some hair, and the old woman will give me some rags to bind up my broken head."

"I will," said the dog, "if you will give me some bread."

The cock went to a baker.

"Baker," said he, "give me some bread. I will give the bread to the dog. The dog will give me some hair. I will give the hair to the old woman. The old woman will give me some rags to bind up my broken head."

"I will," answered the baker, "if you will give me some wood."

The cock went to the forest.

"Forest," he begged, "give me some wood. I will give the wood to the baker. The baker will give me some bread. The bread I will give to the dog. The dog will give me some hair. The hair I will give to the old woman. The old woman will give me some rags to bind up my broken head."

The forest answered, "I will, if you bring me some water."

The cock went to the fountain.

"Fountain," he said, "give me water. The

water I will give to the forest. The forest will give me wood. The wood I will carry to the baker. The baker will give me bread. The bread I will give to the dog. The dog will give me hair. The hair I will give to the old woman. The old woman will give me rags to bind up my broken head."

The fountain answered, "I will."

So the fountain gave water to the cock. He carried the water to the forest. The forest gave him wood. He carried the wood to the baker. The baker gave him bread. He carried the bread to the dog. The dog gave him hair. He carried the hair to the old woman. The old woman gave him some rags and the cock bound up his broken head.

The children laugh when they hear this story and beg the old woman to tell it again.

"I will," she says, "but first Guido must sing for us."

And Guido sings in his sweet, clear voice this little song:

"Oh, who will buy this beautiful canary,
That sings from early morn to eve so gaily?
Oh, come and buy.
Come buy. Come buy."

VENICE

Marietta and Guido like to hear their mother tell stories of the time when she was young.

Their mother has not always lived in the little village on the hillside. When she was a child her home was in Venice.

She often tells the children stories of Venice. They like to hear about that city in whose streets the waters of the sea are ever flowing;

that city in which there are no horses, no donkeys, no carriages or carts, but where the people go about in boats.

"How lovely that must be," sigh Marietta and Guido.

"And did you often ride in a boat, mamma?" they ask.

"Yes," their mother answers. "My father sold vegetables. He went to his customers' houses in his boat. He often took me with him. Sometimes he took me to the beautiful church of St. Marks. Everybody goes there to visit the church and to feed the pigeons. There

There are no carriages or carts, and people go about in boats

Copyright, 1917, by Keystone View Co.

Feeding the pigeons in front of St. Marks

are thousands of pigeons in Venice. They come every afternoon to the great square in front of the church to be fed.

"My father used to give me a handful of

corn and I would throw it to the pigeons. They were so tame they would fly up on my head and shoulders and some would even eat out of my hands."

"I am going to Venice some day," says Guido. "I shall ride in a boat and I shall feed the pigeons just as you did, mamma."

"Let me wear your pretty beads, mamma dear," coaxes Marietta. And her mother takes the pretty beads from a little box and fastens them around Marietta's neck.

What lovely beads they are. They are made of clear glass and have tiny bright-colored flowers and leaves all over them.

They were made in Venice where many, many beautiful things are made of glass.

Gathering Grapes

In October the grapes are ripe. Then many of the people on the hillside go to a vineyard to gather grapes. Marietta and Guido and their father and mother go, too.

The vineyard is on a hillside. Some of the vines are twined about the branches of trees. Others are trained on wires fastened to posts.

On all the vines are great clusters of ripe grapes.

Brown Bros.

The grapes are ripe in October and many people go to gather them

How beautiful the ripe grapes are. Some are purple, some are yellow, and some are a lovely pink.

Every one is very busy. The men climb up into the trees or stand on ladders. They drop the great clusters of grapes into baskets which the women and girls carry on their heads.

When the baskets are full they are carried to the owner of the vineyard. He sorts the grapes. Then a cart drawn by two oxen takes them out of the vineyard.

Guido drives the oxen. He has crowned himself with a wreath of grape leaves. He has hung

Guido has crowned himself with a wreath of grape leaves, and has hung garlands on the necks of the oxen

garlands of grape leaves on the necks of the oxen.

All day long he seems to be eating grapes. Every one eats grapes, and every one talks and laughs and sings as he works.

Donkeys carry huge baskets, heaped with purple and white grapes, to the little city at the foot of the hill. They barely find room to pass in the narrow streets. Soon each household is busy pressing the grapes in barrels and squeezing out the rich, sweet juice.

Gathering Chestnuts

Have you ever gathered nuts? What kind of nuts have you gathered? Have you ever seen chestnuts growing?

Not far from the little village on the hill there is a grove of chestnut trees. In November when the nuts are ripe the people of the village flock to the chestnut grove.

Of course Marietta and Guido go, too. Every one carries a basket or a bag.

When the grove is reached the men beat the trees. Down fall the nuts on the ground. How the boys and girls scramble to get out of the way of the falling nuts.

After the trees are well beaten every one is busy filling the baskets and bags. What fun they have! How they laugh and shout and sing!

From the baskets and bags which the workers have filled the nuts are poured into stout linen sacks.

These sacks are beaten to make the nuts fall out of the prickly burrs. The nuts are then spread out to dry. After they are dried many of them are ground into flour. Some are kept to be boiled and others are roasted.

Many people in Italy eat bread made of chestnut flour. Marietta likes some little cakes which her mother often bakes. They are thin little cakes made of chestnut flour. They are baked in little dishes lined with dried chestnut leaves. When the cakes are done there is the shape of a chestnut leaf on each side. Guido likes the little chestnut cakes, too, but he likes roasted chestnuts best of all.

Selling chestnuts in the streets of an Italian city

Guido knows a big boy who sells chestnuts in the market. He strings them on long cords and carries them on a pole over his shoulders. One day a traveler took a picture of this boy and here he is.

Guido says, "When I am a big boy, I am going to sell chestnuts too. I will sell roasted chestnuts, then I can eat them all day long. I will give you some, too, Marietta."

Christmas

Marietta and Guido have never heard of our jolly old Santa Claus. They have never heard the jingle of his sleigh bells or the clattering hoofs of his reindeer.

At Christmas time Marietta and Guido watch for the coming of Befana, who rides on a big white horse.

Long ago, their mother tells them, there lived a woman whose name was Befana. She lived in a little town. One day three splendid looking strangers came riding along the street of the little town.

They stopped at Befana's door. They said to her, "We are seeking a little child whose star we have seen in the Far East. We have come bringing gifts for him. Will you not come and help us find him?"

"I cannot help you," said Befana. "I must sweep my house." So the strangers rode on and Befana swept her house.

After awhile she felt troubled. "I am sorry," she said to herself, "that I did not go with the strangers to seek the child. I will go now and take a little present to him. I may overtake the strangers if I hasten."

So she wrapped her shawl about her, put a little present in her basket, and went forth to seek the child. She sought everywhere but she could not find him.

Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.

Their mother tells them the story about Befana, who rides on a white horse

Then Befana's heart was sorrowful. "Alas!" she said, "I cannot find him, but each year at this time I will carry gifts to every child in all the land."

Many, many years have passed since that day, but when Christmas comes Befana comes, too. She comes riding on a big white horse, bringing her gifts with her.

Marietta and Guido wonder what Befana will bring them. Their mother shakes her head and looks very solemn. "Remember, children," she says, "Befana brings gifts to good boys and girls, but to naughty ones she brings charcoal."

Marietta and Guido hope there will be no charcoal in their stockings.

On Christmas eve every one goes to church. Every one is dressed in his best clothes. Marietta wears a bright-colored skirt with a white blouse and a black velvet bodice. Over her glossy black hair she fastens a pretty striped scarf of many colors. Around her neck she wears her mother's beads and a slender chain from which hangs a tiny coral hand.

Guido wears his new black velvet suit. He has a red and green ribbon tied around his black velvet hat. Around his neck he, too, wears a chain with a tiny coral hand like Marietta's.

How crowded the church is and how happy every one is because it is Christmas!

On Christmas night the children hang up their stockings and you may be sure they do not forget to fill a dish with bran for the good Befana's big white horse.

YANNI

A Greek Boy

Far to the east is a beautiful land. High mountains and beautiful hills are there. Hundreds of rivers run swiftly down to the sea. Figs and oranges and olives grow in its valleys and its hills are covered with grapevines. The sky is bright blue above it. The sea is bright blue around it.

The name of this lovely land is Greece. The people who live in Greece are called Greeks.

Yanni is a little Greek boy. He loves his country dearly and is very proud of it. He knows that it is a very old country. He knows, too, that many of the greatest and wisest men who have lived in this world of ours were Greeks.

Yanni has brown hair and blue eyes. He

ooks very much like an American boy. But ne does not dress at all like an American.

Perhaps you would think his dress very queer, out many of the men and boys in Greece dress ust as Yanni does. Even the soldiers wear the same kind of dress.

He wears a blouse and a short pleated skirt. Sometimes his blouse and skirt are gray or blue out very often they are snowy white. His little dark velvet jacket is covered with embroidery. His small round scarlet cap has a long blue tassel. He wears white woolen leggings and pretty red leather shoes with big blue pompons on the pointed toes.

Yanni's Home

Yanni lives in a little house built of glitter-ng white stone. To you this little house would seem rather bare, but Greeks do not spend much time in their houses. They like best to be out of doors.

They are very fond of going to coffee-houses. At the coffee-houses there are many little tables placed on the pavement. The people sit at these little tables. They drink coffee and eat fruit or candy and nuts. They talk with their

friends who are sitting at other tables near by.

Yanni often sits at one of these little tables

Yanni often goes to the coffee-house with his father

with his father. He likes the sweet, thick coffee and the candy and nuts. He likes to watch the people at the other tables and he likes to watch the passers-by.

Here comes a water-seller carrying a jar of water on his shoulder. Here is an old man

playing a flute. Here comes a donkey with half a dozen baskets hung upon his back. The baskets are full of oranges and figs. Here is a peddler selling honey. Another has onions to sell. Here comes one with a great basket of lovely flowers.

And there is a milkman milking his goats at his customer's door, as the milkmen do in Italy. Here come some soldiers wearing white pleated skirts and little red caps with long black tassels. Many people are riding on horses,

The milkman milks his goats at his customer's door Brown Bros.

some are on donkeys, and some drive by in carriages.

Yanni sips his coffee, nibbles his candy and nuts, and enjoys it all very much.

Yanni's School

Yanni goes to school. Only boys go to this school and the teachers are men. There even the very little boys learn to read and write Greek.

Yanni can read some of the fine old Greek stories now. One story that he reads again and again is the story of

THE WOODEN HORSE

The Greeks were at war with the Trojans. For many years they had fought against each other. For many years the Greek army had encamped outside the walls of Troy.

Many battles had been fought. Many heroes had been slain. It seemed as if the war would never end.

One day King Odysseus spoke to the Greeks. "Listen to me," he said, "I have a plan that will open the gates of Troy to us. Let us fold our tents and go down to our ships. But first

let us build a great statue here. Let us make an immense wooden horse."

The Greeks looked at one another. What could Odysseus mean?

"Thou art making sport of us," they cried.

"Nay," said Odysseus, "I pray you hear me patiently.

"We will make the body of the horse hollow. We will make it large enough to hold many armed men. The brave Diomedes and I will take men enough to fill it. When darkness covers the land we will climb up into the great body and wait. The rest of our army will board the ships and sail away behind yonder rocky island and wait also."

"And then—" cried the Greeks. "What will happen then, Odysseus?"

Odysseus looked into their eager faces and smiled. "And then," he answered slowly, "the Trojans will come out to see the wooden horse. Perhaps they will take it into their city. If so, Troy is ours."

Then the Greeks shouted and praised Odysseus for his plan.

For many days and nights the Greeks labored. At last their labors were ended. The

great wooden horse was finished. It stood upon the plain just outside the gates of Troy.

The tents were gone. The ships were gone. The wooden horse stood all alone.

The Trojans watching from their city wall wondered what it could all mean. They came out of their city to see.

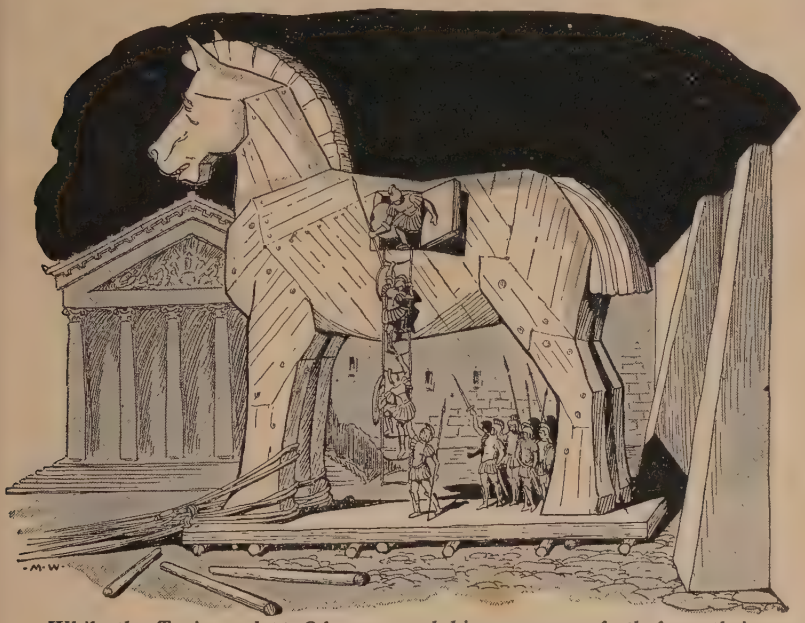
They walked all around the great horse. They looked at it carefully. They did not know what to think of it. At last they said, "Let us take it into our city. It will surely bring us good fortune."

But one old man said, "There is some trick in this. It would be wiser, I think, for us to let the horse stay where it is. Let us go back into our city and guard it well."

The others laughed at him and said, "You are a foolish old man. We will not listen to you."

So the wooden horse was taken into the city of Troy. It was so huge that the Trojans had to break down a part of the wall to get it in. Then the Trojans all went to their homes. The soldiers laid aside their weapons and shields. There was much merrymaking and joy because the Greeks were gone and the war was over.

But that night while the Trojans slept, Odysseus and his men came forth from their hiding place. They lighted the signal fires which told the Greek ships to return. They opened the



While the Trojans slept, Odysseus and his men came forth from their hiding place within the giant horse

gates of the city. The Greek army entered in. The Trojans tried to defend their city, but because they were not ready they were beaten. The great city of Troy was taken and the long, long war was ended.

Another very old story that Yanni has read is the story of Phaëton, the boy who drove the chariot of the sun.

PHAËTON

Phaëton was a child of Phoebus, the glorious Sun God.

Day after day the boy proudly watched his father's splendid chariot as he drove it across the sky.

One day the wish that he might drive his father's chariot came into his heart. "If my father will let me drive his chariot for but one day, I shall be content," he said.

So he left his home and journeyed far to the east to the Sun God's palace. What a magnificent palace it was. Its walls were all of gold and precious stones. Its doors were of silver. Its ceilings were of ivory.

Phaëton climbed the steep golden stairs that led to his father's hall. There on a throne of gold and ivory sat his father.

On his right hand and on his left stood the Year, the Months, the Days, and the Hours.

Spring was there with a crown of blossoms upon her head. Summer wore a garland of

From painting by Guido Reni

Phoebus driving his splendid chariot across the sky, attended by the Hours

golden wheat. Autumn carried great clusters of purple grapes, and Winter's head was white with frost.

"What brings you here, my son?" asked Phoebus.

"Father," replied Phaëton, "I have come to ask you to let me drive your chariot for one day. For just one day, I implore you."

"Phaëton," said his father, "you ask that which I cannot grant you. Little do you know what it is to drive that flaming chariot across the sky. The way is steep and high. My horses are hard to manage. I must be on my guard all the time. I cannot let you do this thing. Choose anything else in all the world and you shall have it."

But still Phaëton begged and pleaded. At last his father decided to let him have his wish.

He led the boy to where the chariot stood. How splendid it was, all of shining gold and silver.

Phoebus ordered the Hours to harness his fiery horses. It was done. There they stood, snorting and stamping, eager to be off.

Phaëton sprang into the chariot, seized the reins, and away they went. Very soon the horses seemed to know that a strange driver held the reins. They dashed forward, dragging the chariot out of the right road. Phaëton tried with all his might to guide them, but on they rushed.

Poor Phaëton trembled with terror and held the reins with shaking hands.

On dashed the flaming chariot, now high up into the sky, now so low that it almost touched the earth.

The clouds began to smoke. The mountains and hills took fire. The trees and grass were blazing. The fountains and all the little streams dried up. Cities and towns were burned to ashes. And if Zeus, the great sky father, had not struck Phaëton from his seat the whole earth would have been destroyed.

As for poor headstrong Phaëton, he fell down, flown into a mighty river, and there he perished.

Games and Plays

Yanni's cousin has come to visit him. All the boys like Yanni's cousin because he is so big and strong and he knows so many fine games.

One day he says, "Come, boys, I will show you how to play a new game. You must all stand in line here. Hold your hands out with the palms together. I am going to drop this pebble into some one's hands. When I do, that boy will run over to those big trees and back again and give the pebble to me. All the others will chase him. The boy who catches him will be the next leader. But if he is not caught he will be the leader."

So Yanni's cousin passes down the line. As he goes he pretends to drop the pebble into each player's hands.

At last he does drop it. The boy who has the pebble runs toward the big trees. The other boys chase him. They all run fast but Yanni catches him and carries the pebble back to the leader, so Yanni is the next leader. The boys like this game very much.

They also like a game which they call Wolf and Lamb. One player is chosen to be the lamb, another is the wolf. The other players form a circle and join hands. The wolf stands outside the circle, the lamb stands in the center.

The wolf calls out, "I am the wolf." The lamb says, "I am the lamb." "I can catch you," cries the wolf. "No, you can't," answers the lamb. The wolf now tries to get inside the circle. The other players help the lamb by trying to keep the wolf out.

If the wolf breaks into the circle he chases the lamb. Then the players in the circle help the lamb by lifting their arms so that he may run under. If the lamb is caught he must join the circle. The wolf is now the lamb and a new wolf is chosen.

Yanni and his friends play many games which you play too. They play marbles and they fly kites. They play ball and Duck on a Rock.

They play Hand Tag also. Do you know how to play Hand Tag? When you play Hand Tag, the player who is "It" cannot tag you if you hang onto a tree or a fence or a post so that your feet do not touch the ground.

The Currant Vineyard

Yanni's father has a brother who owns a currant vineyard. This vineyard is near a city in Greece called Corinth. Corinth is not very far from Yanni's home.

One summer Yanni's father went to visit his brother and took Yanni with him. Yanni had never been away from home before. As the train sped on its way he saw many things that were new and strange to him.

A Greek shepherdess spinning

Yanni saw groves of olive trees. He saw beautiful orchards of orange trees laden with golden fruit. The train passed by many little villages. Sometimes Yanni saw women weaving on looms that were set up out of doors.

Once he saw a shepherdess tending a flock

of sheep. As she watched them she was spinning. On a long stick she had fastened a bunch of wool. She held the stick so that it rested against her shoulder. She drew the wool through her fingers and twisted it into yarn. As she twisted it she wound it round and round a shorter stick.

Copyright by Stereo Travel Co.

Some threshed the grain by walking on it

It was the harvest time and the fields were filled with men and women and boys at work. Some were cutting the grain. Some were binding it into sheaves. Others were threshing the grain with flails, or by walking on it.

Sometimes Yanni saw donkeys carrying baskets of fruit or vegetables on their backs. Sometimes they carried great loads of brush. The loads were so big and the donkeys so little the brush seemed to be walking off by itself.

Flocks of sheep were feeding high up on the rocky hillside Brown Bros.

Sometimes Yanni caught sight of flocks of sheep feeding high up on a rocky hillside.

And everywhere all over the land he saw flowers.

When Yanni and his father reached Corinth, Yanni's uncle met them. He took them in a carriage to his vineyard.

YANNI'S FATHER. This young man wants to know all about currants.

YANNI'S UNCLE, *smiling kindly at* YANNI. I shall be glad to tell him all I can. You see, my boy, the currants are really small grapes. They grow on these bushy vines.

YANNI. What are all these men and women and children doing?

YANNI'S UNCLE. They are picking the ripe currants. Those men who are carrying the big baskets are taking the currants to the drying ground. Let us watch the pickers for awhile. Then we will go to the drying ground.

YANNI'S FATHER. What a busy place this is. You must have hundreds of pickers at work.

YANNI'S UNCLE. I have. You see, when the currants are ripe they must be picked or they will spoil. Now shall we visit the drying ground?

(*They go to the drying ground*)

YANNI'S UNCLE. You see, Yanni, the currants are spread out in these large wooden trays that are on the ground. The sun and the wind dry them.

YANNI. What becomes of them when they are dried?

YANNI'S UNCLE. Then they are packed away in hundreds of little paper boxes.

YANNI. And what becomes of them then?

YANNI'S UNCLE. Oh, they go from here in great ships to other countries. They are used in making the buns and puddings and cakes

that boys in those countries like to eat. But come, let us go to the house. Your aunt will have coffee ready for us. We can come to the vineyard again to-morrow"

Holidays

It is the Thursday before Easter. Yanni is in the kitchen watching his mother. She is boiling eggs and coloring them red with onion skin. A great bowlful of red hard-boiled eggs stands on the table.

"Mother," says Yanni, "I am glad that Easter is coming. Aren't you?"

"Yes," answers his mother, "I am always glad when the long fast is over, and I love the Easter greetings and the Easter songs."

"I am glad that I am going to see the procession Saturday night," says Yanni. "It will be fun with all the banners and the bands of music and the fireworks."

His mother smiles. "But I know what you like best of all, Yanni," she says. "You like to break the Easter eggs."

"Well," says Yanni, "I broke more eggs last Easter than any other boy. I held my egg fast with my thumb and finger like this.

I hit the other boy's egg with it and I broke his every time."

His mother laughs. "O, Yanni, Yanni," she says, "is my boy a boaster?"

"Well, almost every time," says Yanni.

"Mother," says Yanni after awhile, "when does Independence Day come?"

"Independence Day comes on the sixth of April," answers his mother.

"Then it will soon be here," says Yanni. "I remember last Independence Day. I wore my best clothes. The houses were decorated with blue and white and everybody had flags flying."

"Do you remember the processions and the music?" asks his mother.

"Yes," answers Yanni, "and I remember the fireworks at night. Mother, why do we keep Independence Day?"

"Because," says his mother, "our country is free. For many years, Yanni, our dear country was ruled by another country, but now we are free."

"I am glad we are free," says Yanni. "I love my country."

"Every Greek loves his country, my son," answers his mother.

SPRINGTIME IN GREECE

When winter is over the warm rays of the sun melt the snow and ice on the hills and mountains. The fresh green grass springs up. Golden dandelions and buttercups cover the earth with a yellow carpet. Shepherds take their little flocks higher into the mountain pastures. Birds begin to build their nests. Then the children of Greece are glad. They laugh and shout and sing because spring has come. They sing many pretty songs to welcome the springtime.

This song is one that Yanni likes best of all:

SPRING

"Swallows are returning fast,
Over wide seas they have passed;
'Neath the eaves they build their nest,
Sing as they from labor rest.

"Twitter all the birds and sing,
All the little trees do spring;
Hens lay eggs, and, O, good luck!
Already they begin to cluck.

"Flocks and herds, a numerous train,
To hilly pastures mount again;
Goats that skip and leap and play,
Nibbling wayside shrubs' green spray.

"Birds and beasts and men rejoice,
With one heart and with one voice.
Frosts are gone and snow wreath deep,
Blustering Boreas now doth sleep."

TADA AND TAMA

Two Japanese Children at Home

You have often heard of an interesting little country on the other side of the world. There men, women, and children dress in long, flowing gowns. Men carry paper umbrellas and wear raincoats made of straw. And in that land people ride in carriages that are drawn, not by horses, but by men.

The name of this interesting little country on the other side of the world is Japan.

Tada and his little sister Tama live in this far-away Japan.

You have often seen black-haired, slant-eyed

dolls dressed in gay kimonos in shop windows. Or perhaps you have such a doll for your very own.

Tada and Tama look very much like these dolls. They have straight black hair and slanting black eyes. Their skin is dark and smooth. Their faces are plump and pretty. They are dressed alike. Both wear long kimonos. They both wear sashes, but Tama's sash is broader and longer than Tada's and it is tied in a big flat bow that almost covers her back.

Tada and Tama wear odd looking stockings. They are made of white cotton cloth, and they have a place for the big toe just as your mittens have a place for your thumb. Their stockings are made in this way so that the cords which hold their sandals and clogs on may pass between the big toe and the second one. These children do not wear shoes like yours. They usually wear sandals made of straw. In rainy or snowy weather they wear wooden clogs or pattens. These are a kind of shoe with heavy wooden soles. They keep the feet up out of the mud and snow.

Tada and Tama live in a little gray house. This little gray house is made of wood. It has

Brown Bros.

Little Japanese children look very much like dolls dressed in gay kimonos

a roof of black tiles. Its walls are gray because they have never been painted and the sun and rain have colored them this soft dark color.

The little gray house has no windows. It has no doors, either. Its walls are made so that they slide back and forth. In this way an opening can be made anywhere by sliding back a part of the wall. All the rooms in the house have sliding walls, too. They can be pushed back so that the house is only one big room.

The floors of this house are covered with thick, soft, white mats. Before Tada and Tama

come into the house they slip off their sandals and clogs and leave them outside. In this way they do not bring in dust or mud to soil the soft white mats. Every one in Japan leaves his clogs or sandals outside the house.

Copyright, 1917, by Keystone View Co.

School children in Japan leave their sandals outside of the schoolhouse

In this little gray house there are no beds. There are no chairs. There are no high tables such as we have in our houses. Every one sleeps on the floor. Every one sits on the floor, and the tables are like trays with little short legs.

In the middle of the room is a pretty little wooden box with a brass lining. It is the fire-box. In it a handful of charcoal is kept burning. On it sits the teakettle always ready for tea. The family themselves drink a great deal of tea, and they always make it for visitors.

There is a small platform at one side of the

room. On this platform is a beautiful vase. In the vase is a spray of flowers. It may be a spray of plum or cherry blossoms or a single chrysanthemum.

Over the platform there hangs a scroll on which a picture is painted. The family may have many other vases and many pictures, but they use only one at a time. The others are put away out of sight. The Japanese like to have their houses clean and bare and do not like to see many ornaments.

To us this little gray house would seem bare and comfortless, but Tada and Tama do not think so. To them it is the most beautiful little house in the world.

A Japanese firebox

It is supper time. The family are seated on the floor. Before each one is a little table that looks like a tea tray on legs. On each table there are several little bowls, and a pair of chopsticks. In one little bowl there is soup. In another there are slices of raw fish. In other little bowls there are

salads and pickles and fruit. Tea is served in little cups without handles and every one helps

At meal time little tables, on which are several little bowls and a pair of chopsticks, are set before each one

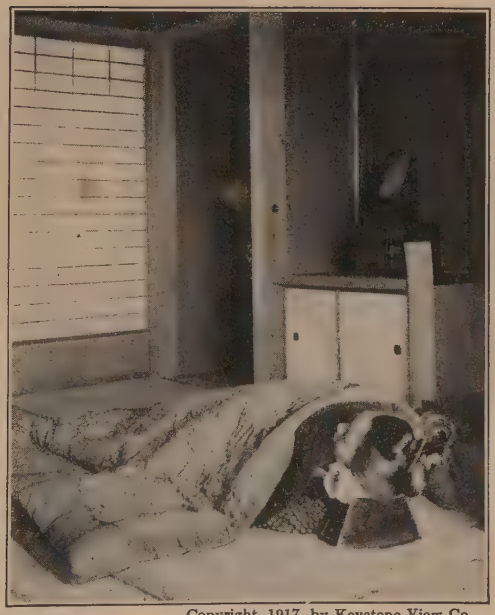
himself to rice from a big bowl which is passed around.

When supper is over the little tables are carried out. The father and mother chat about the news of the day. Tama plays with her doll. Tada studies his lessons for the next day.

When it is time to go to bed the mother says, "Come, Tamako, I am going to make your bed." She goes to a little closet and takes out two soft, thick quilts. She lays them

on the floor one on top of the other. She takes out a pillow, also. Such a queer little pillow! It is a block of wood with a roll of soft paper on the top. "Tamako," she says, "your bed is ready."

All the family have beds just like Tama's. You may think such a bed would be uncomfortable, but Tada and Tama do not think so. They like their soft, thick quilts and their hard little pillows and they sleep very well.



Copyright, 1917, by Keystone View Co.

All the family have beds just like Tama's

In the morning every one rises early. The beds are put away. The walls are pushed back. Sunshine fills the little house.

Tama runs out into the garden and looks at the flowers. She crosses the little bridge and feeds the goldfish that swim about in the little pond.

Holidays in Japan

Time: Early March

Place: The living room in the home of Tada and Tama

Characters: Tada, Tama, and their mother.

Tada is putting a puzzle map together. Tama is playing with her dolls. The mother is sewing. She is making a bright new kimono for her little daughter.

Tama. I am glad that I live in our own most beautiful country.

Mother. Of course I think our dear country is the most beautiful land in all the world, but I wonder why you are thinking so just now, my little jewel.

Tama. Because I am so glad that to-morrow begins the feast of the dolls. Just think, I shall have all my dolls out for three whole days. My own dolls, the dolls that were yours, Haha San, and those that were my honorable grandmother's and those that were her mother's, and ever so many more. I shall have a feast for them all. O Tada, it is too bad that boys do not have dolls.

Tada. I do not feel sorrowful about that.

The feast of the dolls. All the dolls are brought out for three days

You forget, Tamako, that on the fifth day of the fifth month comes the very best feast of all.

TAMA. What feast is that?

TADA. The feast of the flags. Surely you remember last year. The whole air was full of fishes—big colored paper fishes that flew like flags from tall bamboo poles. In front of every house where there was a boy a fish was flying.

TAMA. I remember now. I remember that

when I looked up into the sky it seemed like a blue sea full of fish.

TADA. The fish that our honorable father hung out for our little brother was the biggest fish of all.

TAMA. What kind of fish are they, Haha San?

MOTHER. They are carp. The carp is a strong fish. He swims against the stream. He leaps over waterfalls. Every Japanese father wants his son to be strong and full of courage. He hopes that his son will have strength to do hard things and that he will have courage in time of danger. To show this he hangs out the paper carp. It shows, too, that his heart is full of gladness because he has a son.

TAMA. We both have feast days that are full of gladness.

MOTHER. We have many such days in Japan. My heart rejoices when the plum and the cherry trees put forth their blossoms. And the time when the chrysanthemums bloom is a happy time also.

TADA. I think New Year's is a happy time. Then we have so many gifts. This puzzle map was one of my gifts last New Year's day.

The feast of the flags

There are happy times in Japan when the cherry trees bloom

TAMA. It fills my heart with gladness when I see my gifts all wrapped in pretty colored paper and tied with the red and white cord.

TADA. And with the bit of dried fish tucked in for good luck.

MOTHER. It always makes me happy to see the branches of bamboo and the pine trees and the festoons of rice straw before each dwelling. I rejoice, too, when I see our beloved country's flag waving on high.

TADA. It is splendid at night, Haha San, when all the lanterns, hanging in front of people's

houses and in the streets, are lighted and the people go about carrying lighted lanterns.

TAMA. And we all wear our pretty new clothes all day long. Yes, New Year's is truly a time of gladness.

GAMES AND PLAYS

Tama and her little friend Ume are playing in the garden. It is a very pretty garden. I am quite sure you have never seen a garden like it. It is very small but in it there are mountains and rivers and a waterfall. There is a pond in which goldfish dart to and fro. There are bridges and bird houses, and pine trees, and flowers of many kinds.

The mountains and rivers and even the trees in this garden are all very tiny, but everything is very beautiful and it is a most delightful place to play in.

Tama and Ume are playing with their dolls. Tama says, "Let us play that my big boy doll is the father and that your doll in the gray and pink kimono is the mother. All the little dolls will be their children."

"Yes," agrees Ume, "and this doll of mine may be their servant. We will have tea for the

other dolls and teach her to wait upon them."

While they are playing they hear a little bell ringing, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding.

Tama and Ume jump up.

"Oh, it is the stoveman," they cry. They leave their dolls and away they run out into the street. Yes, it is the man with the toy stove that has real fire in it. The man carries sweet dough in a dish, too.

Tama runs into the house. "Haha San," she cries, "may I have some money for the stoveman so that Ume and I may bake some little cakes for our dolls?"

"Yes, my little jewel," says her mother.

The little girls give the money to the stoveman. He gives them some sweet dough and the use of the tiny stove for an hour.

What a busy hour it is! Tama and Ume make and bake many little cakes. The man cuts out some letters for the little girls and they bake them, too.

"See, Ume," says Tama, "my letters spell my name."

"And mine spell my name, too," says little Ume.

The hour is up. The stoveman rises from

he ground where he has been sitting. He takes up the little stove and the dish of dough. He bows many times and says good-by to the little girls. On he goes ringing his bell, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding.

Tama and Ume play many games in the little garden. On sunny days they often play a game that is full of fun. In this game Tama tries to step on Ume's shadow and at the same time Ume tries to step on Tama's shadow. They call this game by a very long name, *Kage-bohi-migo,* or the Shadow Game.

One day Tama's mother made a dozen

Tama tries to step on Ume's shadow

pretty bags. They were made of bits of bright-colored cloth. They were tiny bags about two inches square. Tama's mother filled them with rice. Then she showed Tama and Ume how to play *Ota dama.*

"See, Tamako and Little Plum Blossom," she said. "I take two of these little rice bags. I toss them up into the air one after the other. I will try to keep them both going at once. It is quite easy if you keep your eyes on the bags. Now, Ume, you may try." Ume tried, and did very well. "And now, Tamako, you may try."

After each one had played for some time with two bags the mother said, "Now we will play with three bags."

The little girls enjoy this game. They play it again and again. They have learned to play it so well that each of them can keep five or six little rice bags going at the same time.

Tada and his playmates have their toys and games, too.

They play ball and they spin tops. They have many kinds of tops and they are the most wonderful in the world. Some of their tops play little tunes as they spin. Some of them

spin and spin and spin as if they never would stop. Some of them are so curiously made that there are tops within tops. All of them are gayly painted.

The kites that these Japanese boys have are wonderful, too. Tada has a singing kite. It makes music as it rises in the air. Some of the boys have kites that look like fierce dragons. One boy has a kite that looks like a chubby baby. Some kites look like soldiers. Some are like birds and some are like butterflies.

Besides playing with balls and tops and kites Tada and his friends play games that are very much like some that you play.

One game is like Pussy Wants a Corner. In Japan "Pussy" is a demon and the corners are called the "Harbors of Truth." In these harbors the players find safety from the demon who is watching to catch them.

Tada has a puzzle with which he often plays. His father gave it to him on New Year's. This puzzle is a map of the world. It is cut up into small pieces. Tada fits these pieces together. In this way he has learned much about his beloved country and about the many other countries which are in this great world of ours.

TADA VISITS A TEA PLANTATION

Tada's father is a tea merchant. Not far from the city where Tada's home is there are large tea plantations. Tada's father often visits these plantations.

One day he took Tada with him. It was the little boy's first visit to a tea plantation and he found it very interesting.

"Father," he asked, "what are all those children doing?"

"They are picking tea leaves," said his father. "Those little shrubs are tea plants."

"Do they pick all the leaves?" asked Tada.

"No," said his father, "they do not pick very young leaves or those that are old and tough."

Tada watched the tea pickers for some time. Then his father took him to another part of the plantation.

"See, my son," he said, "these workers are spreading the leaves out to dry in the sun. Those girls and women that you see over there are sorting the tea. They are picking out the best leaves and putting them together for our finest tea."

Brown Bros.

They roll the leaves between their fingers

"And what are those girls doing?" asked Tada, pointing to another group of workers.

"They are rolling the leaves between their fingers," said his father. "Have you never noticed the dry tea leaves of which your mother makes tea?"

"O yes," answered Tada. "I have noticed that they seemed to be rolled up tight, but I never knew that any one rolled them. What becomes of the tea after it is sorted and rolled, father?"

"It is put into boxes and sold to tea merchants," said his father. "I buy many boxes of it every year."

"What do you do with it all, father?" asked Tada.

"I sell it," answered his father. "Much of it is used here in our own country, but a great deal of it is carried in ships to other countries. There it is bought by many people who think that the Japanese tea is the finest tea of all."

"I think I shall be a tea merchant, too, when I am a man," said Tada, "and perhaps I shall visit some of the countries to which our tea goes. I should like to do that, father."

"That is what I have planned for you, my son," answered his father. "But come, we will have some tea and then we will go home."

They walked along a path which led to a pretty little summer house. There they had tea and some of the delicious little rice cakes which Japanese children like so much.

A Japanese Tale

TIME: A summer evening
PLACE: The garden
CHARACTERS: Tada, Tama, Obasan (their grandmother)

TAMA. It is not yet time to go to bed. Will you not deign to tell us a story, Obasan?

TADA. Please do, Obasan. Tell us one of the old, old tales which your honorable father used to tell to you.

OBASAN. I saw something to-day, which brought back to my mind an old tale which I often heard my honorable father tell. It is the story of

THE WHITE RABBIT AND THE CROCODILES

Long, long ago, there lived a little White Rabbit. His home was on a small island. This island was a mile away from the mainland. It was lonely and the White Rabbit often wished that he could get away from it. He often sat upon the shore and gazed and gazed across the waters at the mainland. He longed and sighed and sighed and longed for some way of getting across to the other shore. But

there was no way. There was no bridge, there was no boat, and the White Rabbit could not swim.

One day as he sat on the shore he spied a big crocodile swimming about not far from the island.

"Ah," said the White Rabbit to himself, "I will ask this big crocodile to carry me upon his back across the sea to the mainland."

He was just about to call out to the crocodile when a sudden thought struck him. He laughed aloud and said to himself, "I will play a trick on the crocodile."

So he called out, "Good morning, dear Mr. Crocodile, is n't this sunshiny weather fine? Come over to the land and have some fun."

The crocodile was a good-natured old fellow, so he came up out of the sea and played with the rabbit. They jumped and ran races and played leap frog.

When they sat down to rest the rabbit said, "Tell me, Mr. Crocodile, are there more crocodiles than rabbits in the world?"

"Ho, ho," laughed the crocodile, "ho, ho, of course there are—ever and ever so many more."

"But, Mr. Crocodile, do you think there are enough crocodiles in the world to form a line from this island to the mainland?" asked the rabbit.

"Of course, there are," answered the crocodile.

"Then," said the cunning rabbit, "go, Mr. Crocodile, and bring your friends. Let them form in line from here to the mainland and I will count them."

"I will do so," said the crocodile, and away he went.

Soon he was back, bringing with him a great company of crocodiles.

"Now, Mr. White Rabbit," said he, "did you ever in all your life see so many crocodiles?"

Then to the crocodiles he said, "Form a line from here to the mainland that my friend, Mr. White Rabbit, may count you."

The company of crocodiles arranged themselves in line. They formed a bridge from the island to the mainland.

"Very good," cried the rabbit. "Please be very still while I count you." The White Rabbit walked out on the back of the first

crocodile. Then he hopped to the second. As he hopped along from one to the other he counted, one, two, three, four, five. I am sure I don't know how many he counted, but at last he reached the mainland. Just as he was jumping off the back of the last crocodile, he shouted, "Stupid old crocodiles, silly old crocodiles, I fooled you nicely, didn't I? You thought I wanted to count you, but I wanted to use you for a bridge."

The crocodiles were very angry when they heard this. They rushed up out of the sea.

"I fooled you nicely," shouted the rabbit

They caught naughty White Rabbit and began to pull out his beautiful, soft white fur.

"Oh, please, please, please let me go," begged the rabbit.

"Yes," said the angry crocodiles, "we will let you go, sly Mr. Rabbit, when we have pulled out all your fur."

When the crocodiles had pulled out the last tuft of fur they went back into the sea and swam away.

Poor, poor little White Rabbit. His beautiful white fur lay scattered on the ground. He moaned with pain as he lay on the beach.

Just then there came by a young prince. He saw the poor little rabbit. "Tell me, little rabbit," he said, "how came you like this?"

The little rabbit told him all the story.

"Little, little rabbit," said the prince, "I am very sorry for you. But tell me, don't you think you are to blame for this yourself? Are you truly sorry for the trick you played upon the crocodiles?"

"I am," said poor little White Rabbit.

"Then," said the kind young prince, "I can help you. Go wash in yonder spring. Then pick the flowers that grow on yonder tree.

Spread them upon the ground and roll yourself upon them. You will be healed and your soft white fur will soon grow again."

The little rabbit thanked the prince.

White Rabbit did just as the prince had told him. He bathed in the cool waters of the spring. He plucked the flowers from the tree. He spread them upon the ground and rolled upon them. He was healed and his soft white fur grew in again.

Then White Rabbit rejoiced. He said to himself, "Never, never shall I be sly and unkind again." And he kept his word. He became a very kind and helpful little rabbit. Indeed, he was so kind and so helpful that he became known throughout old Japan as the "kind little White Rabbit."

TAMA. That is a good story, Obasan. Thank you for it. I am glad the kind young prince helped poor little White Rabbit.

TADA. This morning, Tama, when I coaxed you to give me your new ball for the green grasshopper in the little bamboo cage I knew that the grasshopper was dead and the cage was broken. I am ashamed of myself, Tamako,

I will give you back your pretty ball again. Here it is.

Courtesy of J. Edgar Waters
A bamboo cage

TAMA. O, Tada, keep the ball. Truly I want you to have it.

OBASAN. No, Tamako, let Tada give up the ball. I am sure he would not enjoy keeping anything that he got by deceit. I am glad you have told your sister about the grasshopper, my son.

TADA. Did you know about it, Obasan, when you told us the story of the little rabbit?

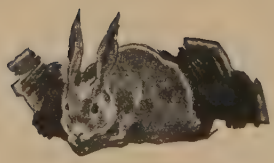
OBASAN. Yes, my son, I thought the story would help you to see how hateful deceit and unkindness are. The little White Rabbit has helped you as he has helped many others. Do not look so sad, Tada. To-morrow we will go to the street of the toy shops and I will buy you a beautiful new ball. It will serve to remind you of the story of the little White Rabbit.

And for you, little jewel, we will buy a fine

big green grasshopper who will make music for you all day long in his little bamboo cage.

TADA. Obasan, I have a few sens which my honorable father gave me to spend as I please. If you are graciously willing, I should like to buy the green grasshopper in the bamboo cage for Tamako myself. It will show her that I am sorry for deceiving her.

OBASAN. That pleases me very much, my son



YUAN AND SU

Two Little Chinese Children

Yuan and his little sister Su live in China. China is a very large country on the other side of the world.

When you are running home from school at noontime, Yuan and Su are fast asleep in bed. When you are going to bed, Yuan and Su are just getting up.

Yuan and Su are little Chinese children. They have yellow skin but their cheeks are plump and rosy. Their eyes are bright and black and a little slanting. Their hair is black and straight.

Copyright by Stereo Travel Co.

Yuan and Su, with their mother and baby brother

Yuan's head has been shaved all but a spot on the crown. There the hair grows long and thick. It is braided in a queue and hangs down Yuan's back, although many boys in China wear their hair just as our boys do.

Su's hair is combed back and braided in a long sleek braid. It is tied at her neck with a red cord.

Yuan and Su have beautiful clothes. Their father is a rich silk merchant, so many of their clothes are made of silk. Yuan has gowns and caps that are made of gay colored silks. They are embroidered with butterflies and flowers. His trousers, too, are made of bright colored silk.

Yuan's shoes are made of cloth. The upper parts of these shoes are black. They have thick white soles.

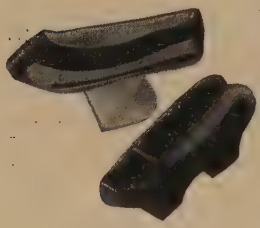
One of Yuan's shoes

Su's dresses and trousers are made of bright silks, too. They are covered with beautiful embroidery.

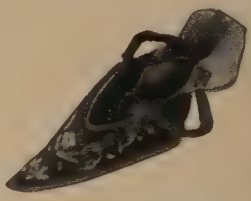
The children do not wear their silk clothes every day. They wear them when they go visiting with their mother or on holidays.

Their everyday clothes are made of cotton cloth. Sometimes they are made of plain blue cotton cloth. More often they are made of a white cloth that is covered with curious figures of birds and plants and flowers in many bright colors.

Su's little shoes are made of cloth, too, but they are embroidered in many gay colors. Many girls in China have tiny feet. When these girls were very young their mothers bound their feet. Strips of cotton cloth were fastened around them so as to bind the toes and heels together. This made the feet very small but it gave the poor little girls great pain.



Chinese shoes



Shoe of a girl whose feet have been bound

Su's feet have not been bound, for her mother thinks that foot binding is foolish and wrong. Little Su is glad that she can walk and run and jump.

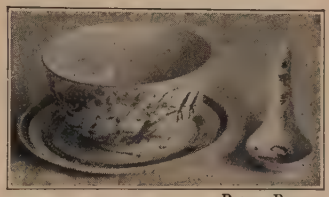
A Chinese Home

The house in which Yuan and Su live is large and handsome. It is only one story high but it has many rooms and all around it are beautiful gardens.

The chairs and tables in this house are beautifully carved. Many of them are set with shining mother-of-pearl. The floors are covered with rich soft rugs.

Chinese people do not eat three meals a day

as we do in our country. Yuan and Su have their breakfast of rice and tea about the middle of the forenoon.

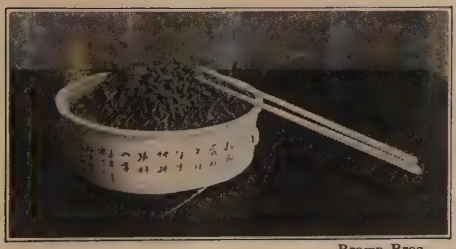


Brown Bros.

Chinese bowl and spoon

At four or five o'clock it is dinner time. Then the family gather round the table. There is no table-cloth on the table. There are no plates or knives or forks. But there are bowls and spoons and chopsticks, and there are small paper napkins.

At this dinner, tea is served in little cups that have no handles. Meat and chicken and fish are cut up into very small pieces and eaten with chopsticks. There are many kinds of vegetables. Yuan and Su like sweet potatoes best of all. Of course there is plenty of rice, and there are fruits and nuts. There are little cakes, too, made of bean meal, that Yuan and Su like very much. Dried watermelon seeds, which Chinese people enjoy nibbling, are passed around at the end of the meal.



Brown Bros.

Small pieces of food are eaten with chopsticks

In the summer time when dinner is over, Yuan and Su go out into the garden to play.

Yuan and Su feeding the goldfish

It is a beautiful garden. In it are many trees and shrubs and lovely flowers. There is a large pond where goldfish swim to and fro and big green frogs have their home.

Yuan and Su love the pleasant garden. They like to feed the goldfish. They like to watch them as they dart here and there among the water-plants. They like to watch the frogs, too, and they laugh as they listen to the queer

croaking noise which is the frog's evening song.

There are many birds in this lovely garden. They build their nests in the trees, and morning and evening they fill the garden with their music.

When the sun goes down and darkness covers the land, then little Chinese boys and girls must go to bed.

"Come, Yuan; come, Su," says their mother. "Children must not stay up after dark. It is time for you to go to bed." And off to bed they go.

You remember that Nannook sleeps on a bed of snow. Yuan has a queer bed, too.

The floor of his bedroom is made of bricks. Over half of the floor a low, broad platform is built. This platform is made of bricks, too. On the platform a mattress is laid. A round hard pillow is placed upon the mattress. Bedclothes are spread upon it and the bed is ready.

In cold weather a fire is built on the floor under the platform. This makes the bricks warm. In their queer beds the little children of China are snug and warm all through the cold winter nights.

Rimes and Riddles

It is a pleasant summer day. Yuan and Su are sitting in the garden with their mother. The nurse has brought the little baby brother out into the garden, too.

Su has found a pretty little red and black bug upon a leaf. She brings it to the baby.

"See, little brother," she says, "see the pretty lady bug.

"Lady bug, lady bug, fly away, do.
Fly to the mountain and feed upon dew.
Feed upon dew and sleep on a rug,
And then fly away like a good little bug."

The pretty lady bug spreads its wings and away it flies.

The baby laughs and waves his little hands and feet. His mother seizes one little foot and as she gently pinches each tiny toe she says:

"This little cow eats grass.
This little cow eats hay.
This little cow drinks water.
This little cow runs away.
This little cow does nothing,
But just lies down all day.
We 'll whip her."

"Mother," says little Su, "I have a nice

little riddle for you. In a very small house there live five little girls. Can you guess it?"

"This little cow eats grass.
This little cow eats hay."

"Is it a bird's nest?" asks her mother.
"No, it isn't a bird's nest."
"Is it a seed pod?"
"No, it isn't a seed pod."
"Is it a shoe?"
"Yes, it is a shoe," says Su.
"Now it is your turn, mother."
The mother thinks a while; then she says:

"On the outside is a stone wall. Inside is a golden lady."

The little sister cannot answer this but Yuan asks, "Is it an egg, mother?"

"Yes," answers the mother; "now it is your turn, Yuan."

Yuan thinks very hard for a moment; then he asks:

"What is it that sits very low and eats more grass than a buffalo?"

"Is it a cow?" asks Su.

"No, it is not a cow."

"Is it a river?" asks his mother.

"No, it is not a river," says Yuan.

"Do you give it up, mother?"

"Yes," answers the mother.

"It is a kitchen stove," says Yuan. "And here is another and this is very easy. I am sure you can guess it, Su. In front are five openings, on the sides are two windows, behind hangs an onion stalk."

"I cannot answer that," says Su after thinking a little while.

"Is it your head, Yuan?" asks his mother.

"Yes, it is my head," answers Yuan. "The five openings are my eyes and nose and mouth.

The two windows are my ears, and the onion stalk is my queue."

"That is a good riddle," says his little sister. "But I am tired of riddles. Tell us a story, mother."

"Yes, mother," coaxes Yuan, "please tell us a story."

"Shall I tell you how the yellow cow and the water buffalo exchanged skins?" asks their mother.

"Yes, please do, mother," say the children.

The baby is asleep and the nurse draws near and listens, too, while the mother tells the story of

THE YELLOW COW AND THE WATER BUFFALO

You must know that the yellow cow's skin hangs in loose folds under her neck, while the water buffalo's tight gray skin seems much too small for his big round body. The yellow cow has a loud strong bellow, while the buffalo makes a tiny wheezing sound.

Long ago the buffalo was yellow and his skin fitted him quite well, and in those days the cow's skin was gray. In those days, too, the water buffalo and the yellow cow were friends.

One hot day the cow and the buffalo went to bathe in the river. They left their clothes upon the bank while they splashed about and enjoyed themselves in the cool water.

Suddenly they heard a roar. "The tigers! the tigers!" they cried, and dashed out of the river.

The cow scrambled up the bank ahead of the buffalo. She picked up the first heap of clothes she came to and put them on as she ran.

The buffalo was not far behind, but he was so frightened he did not notice that the cow had taken his clothes. He picked up hers, got into them as best he could, and ran for his life.

He was never very bright but he soon noticed that his jacket was much too tight and that it was the wrong color.

The cow was running just ahead of him, and he could see now that she had on his nice yellow suit.

He wished very much to get his own clothes back, but the tigers were somewhere in the woods behind him and there was no time to lose.

The two ran on and on until at last they were safe.

As the buffalo overtook the cow, he wanted

to shout, "Give me back my clothes," but the gray clothes were so tight and he was so tired from running that he thought it best to say only one word. He tried to shout "Change," but all he could manage to say was "Ehah, Ehah," in a poor little wheezy voice.

The cow understood him well enough but she felt so comfortable in the nice yellow suit that she answered, "Mah, Mah." This meant "I won't, I won't."

So from that day to this the water buffalo has been wheezing, "Change, Change," and the cow has been answering, "I won't, I won't."

"That is a good story, mother," cry the children when she has finished. And Yuan runs about the garden wheezing "Ehah, Ehah" and mooing "Mah, Mah."

A Silk Shop

Yuan's father is a merchant. He sells silks and satins. His shop is a little one. It is only one story high. There are no big glass windows such as shops in our country have. Instead of windows there is a wooden lattice with strong white paper behind it. All the light in the shop

comes through this paper and in at the open door. The front of the shop is beautifully carved and is painted in bright colors. Long signs running up and down hang in front of the shop. These signs are painted in red, green, black, and gold with the curious Chinese characters.

Long gay-colored signs running up and down hang in front of the Chinese shops

Inside this dark little shop are rolls and rolls of beautiful soft silks and satins. There are many embroidered shawls and scarfs and coats.

Yuan likes to visit his father's shop.

One day he says, "Father, please tell me where all this silk comes from."

"It comes from the south of China," says his father.

"Have you ever been there, father?" asks Yuan.

"Yes, my son, I have often been there," says his father.

"Tell me about it, father," begs Yuan.

"When you visit the silk country," says his father, "everywhere you go you see people winding silk threads or weaving silk threads into silk cloth."

"Where does the silk thread come from?" asks Yuan.

His father takes down a little box from a shelf. He opens it and takes out something that is small and white and almost round. He hands it to Yuan. "This, my son," he says, "is a cocoon made by a silkworm. All the silk in the world comes from cocoons like this."

Yuan holds the cocoon in his fingers. He pulls gently at the fine threads that go round and round it.

"And did a worm really make this pretty white silky thing?" he asks.

"Yes," says his father, "that was made by a silkworm. Silkworms come from eggs that are laid by moths. The eggs are very tiny. Men place these tiny eggs on sheets of paper and set them in a cool, clean place. When it is nearly time for the eggs to hatch they are

The four stages through which the silkworm passes: the egg, the worm, the cocoon, and the moth

taken into a warm room. After a few days a small black worm comes out of each egg.

"These worms are hungry little creatures and have to be fed very often."

"What do the worms eat?" asks Yuan.

"They eat mulberry leaves," says his father. "At first they are fed every half hour. After a few days they are fed every hour. When they grow bigger they are fed only three or four times a day."

"When do the worms make their cocoons?" asks Yuan.

"When a silkworm is about thirty-two days old it begins to spin its cocoon," answers his father. "It is a curious sight to see one spinning. It draws the silken thread from its mouth and moves its head from side to side as it spins.

"The little worm works at its spinning for several days. When the cocoon is finished the worm goes to sleep."

"What happens then?" asks Yuan.

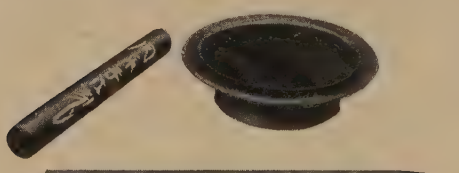
"Then," says his father, "a man carries the board on which the cocoons are lying into a room where there is a fire. He holds the board over the fire and the heat kills the sleeping worms. After the worms are killed the cocoons are thrown into hot water. This is done to loosen the threads. After that the threads are carefully unwound from the cocoons. These threads, as you see, are very fine. They are spun into stronger threads and these are woven into silks and satins and velvets."

"Thank you, father," says Yuan.

After awhile he says, "How strange it seems that all these lovely silks are really made by little black worms."

Yuan Goes to School

It is Yuan's first day in school. His hair has been cut. His little face is shining. He is dressed in clean clothes from head to foot. He carries a little bundle under his arm. In this bundle are his books, a cake of ink, and a brush. He will use the brush instead of a pen.



Yuan uses a cake of ink and a brush for writing

His father goes with him and they are both very happy as they walk along together. They enter the schoolroom and Yuan's father and the teacher greet each other with great politeness. Then the father introduces his little boy.

Yuan bows low before the teacher. "Master," he says, "I have come to learn. I pray you teach me."

The teacher answers, "I will gladly teach you, and I shall call you, not Yuan, but He-who-seeks-learning."

The master then opens one of Yuan's books. He reads the first line of it to the little boy. Yuan listens carefully and repeats the words after his teacher.

The teacher gives Yuan a seat at a small table. He sits down and, over and over again, repeats aloud the words of the first line in his book.

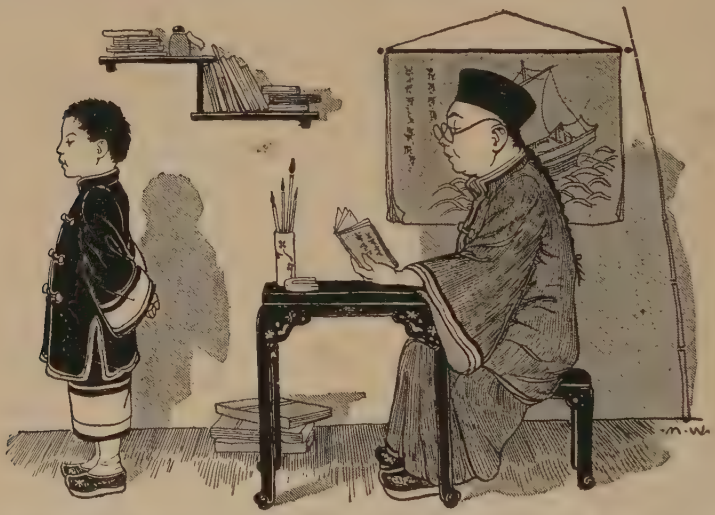
There are twenty or thirty other boys in the room. They are seated at little tables and they, too, are saying the words of their lessons over and over. Each boy is studying at the top of his voice. What a noise they make!

By and by the teacher calls Yuan to him. Yuan comes and hands his book to the teacher. Then standing with his back to his teacher he says his lesson in a loud voice. He says it all without a single mistake. The teacher is much pleased. He says, "I see you will make a fine scholar. I have done well to call you He-who-seeks-learning."

This makes Yuan very happy. His father and mother are happy and proud, too, when they hear what the master has said to their little boy.

Yuan has many lessons to learn. He must learn to read. He must learn to make the curious Chinese letters. He will paint them with a brush in black ink on a white board. He must learn to count. He learns on a counting

frame with seventy-seven little bright-colored wooden balls which are strung on wires.



Standing with his back to his teacher, Yuan says his lesson in a loud voice

Little Su does not go to any school. She learns her lessons at home.

Some Chinese Games

Some other boys and girls have come to play with Yuan and Su.

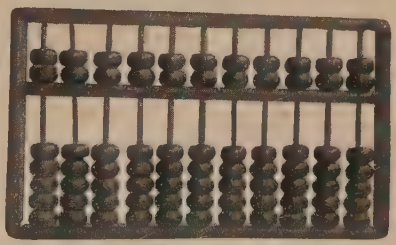
They are out in the garden. The little girls have each gathered a handful of leaves and grasses. They are sitting on the ground in a circle. The first little player places a leaf in the middle of the circle. The next little player

tries to match it. When all have had a turn the first little player gathers up all the leaves from the middle of the circle and another little player begins. While the little girls are playing this game the boys are playing shuttlecock They kick the shuttlecock and send it flying from one to another. How quick they are! The shuttlecock does not once touch the ground.

But now the shuttlecock game is over and Yuan calls out, "Let us all play Tiger Trap. Come, girls, you can play this, too."

Some of the little girls say, "But we do not know how to play Tiger Trap, Yuan."

"Then I will show you how," says Yuan. "Yat Sen, you may be the tiger and you, Kite Kee, may be the kid. Now the others stand in two lines facing each other. Let us make quite a wide space between the two lines. That is right. Now, Kite Kee, you must stand at this end and bleat. When the tiger comes in at the other end we will take hold of hands and try to keep him in and you must run away."



The abacus. With these bright-colored wooden balls Yuan learns to count

The children do as Yuan says. Kite Kee bleats, "Ma-a-a, ma-ma." Mr. Tiger rushes in. The trap closes and he is caught. He tries hard to break out of the trap, but it holds fast while the little kid runs about outside bleating as loud as he can.

Yat Sen, one of Yuan's little friends

"You must be the tiger this time, Yuan," cry the children. They make the trap ready. The little kid bleats, "Ma-a-a, ma-ma." Then Yuan makes a quick dash and before the trap can close he has caught the little kid.

The children clap their hands and shout, "Yuan is a fine tiger. Yuan is a fine tiger."

"Let us play Tiger Trap again," they all say. And so they play Tiger Trap again and again.

"Now," says Yuan, "let us play something else."

"Let us play Call the Chickens Home," says Yat Sen.

"Yes, yes," cry the children. "Yuan, you must blind and we will be your chickens."

Yuan ties a handkerchief over his eyes. He stands with his arms outstretched and calls, "Tsoo, tsoo, come and seek your mother."

The other children run by and touch him as they run. He tries to catch them. What fun they have! At last a little girl is caught and she must blind.

While they are playing Yuan's mother and the nurse come out into the garden. The nurse is carrying a tray.

Two of Yuan's little playmates

"Come, children," says the mother. "Sit down and rest and eat this candied fruit and these little cakes I have for you."

The children sit down. They eat the candied fruit and the delicious little cakes.

When they have finished eating, Yuan's

While they are playing Yuan's mother comes out into the garden Brown Bros.

mother says, "Shall I teach you a game that I often played when I was a child?"

"Please do," say the children.

"This game," says Yuan's mother, "is called Water Sprite.

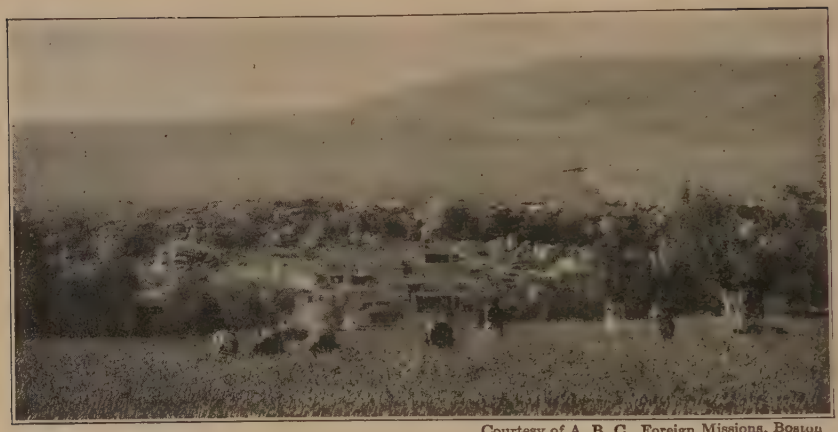
"You may stand in two lines. One line

stand here. The other line stand here. The lines may face each other. This wide space between is the river.

"To begin the game I will be the Water Sprite and stand in the middle. I will beckon to Kite Kee to cross the river. He will beckon to some one on the other side to change places with him. As they run across the river I will try to catch one of them. If I catch him he must be the Water Sprite. Now let us begin."

Kite Kee beckons to Yuan, who is on the opposite side. They run to exchange places but Yuan's mother quickly catches Kite Kee. The children laugh and shout, "Kite Kee is the Water Sprite," and the game goes merrily on.

But now it is time for the little guests to leave, and with many thanks for a pleasant time and with many polite good-byes they go.



Courtesy of A. B. C., Foreign Missions, Boston

MISSAK

His Home in Armenia

Do you remember reading about a little country which is often called the Lowlands because it is so low? In the Far East there is another little country which might well be called the Highlands, because it is so high. It is very high and in it there are many mountains. The name of this country of the many mountains is Armenia.

In Armenia there is one mountain of which you have often heard. It is the mountain on which Noah's Ark rested. It is called Mount Ararat.

Not far from Mount Ararat is the home of a little boy whose name is Missak. The house in which he lives is a curious one. It is built partly under the ground. When Missak's father built it he dug a sort of cave in a hillside. He used stout posts to hold up the roof of the cave. He made walls of stone. On top of these walls he made a flat roof with strong beams. The roof is covered with earth. There the grass grows and makes the roof look like a green field in summer.

This cavelike house has a low doorway

Missak's home is a curious one. It is built partly underground

and a few small windows. When we go inside we step down. We find ourselves in a dark passage or hall. On one side of this is the stable. On the other side are the living room, the storeroom, and the sleeping rooms.

The walls of the living room are white-washed. The floor is covered with rugs. Around three sides of the room is a broad seat. This seat is covered with rugs and cushions. There are no chairs or tables.

There is a stone fireplace at one side of the room. Here the mother cooks many good things. When the meal is ready the family gather round a tray which is set upon the floor. They have no knives or forks. The mother bakes a curious kind of bread. It is very thin and soft and is made in long, narrow strips. They use bits of this bread to eat with. It does very well instead of knives or forks or spoons.

In this room many copper dishes and stone water jars are kept.

And there is the loom at which Missak's mother weaves the beautiful rugs which cover the floor and the seat.

You can see that Missak's mother is a

Courtesy of A. B. C., Foreign Missions, Boston

Missak's mother spinning yarn to make into rugs

careful and busy housekeeper. Besides cooking many good things for her family to eat, she spins and weaves and keeps her house and her children neat and clean.

The Stable

At the other side of the dark passage is the stable. Missak's father has many cows and sheep. The winter in Armenia is long and very cold. The cows and sheep are shut up in the stable all through the long, cold winter.

To us it seems queer and not at all pleasant to have the family and the cows and sheep all living in the same house. But it does not seem so to Missak. He thinks it very nice in the cold weather to have the cows and sheep so safe and snug. And besides that, all these animals shut up together keep each other warm and help to keep the family warm, too.

The family spend a great deal of time in the stable. At one end of the stable is a high platform. This platform is covered with soft, warm rugs. It has a cushioned seat upon it. All around it is a railing to keep the animals from climbing up on it.

Missak's father and his grandfather like to sit there. They sit upon the cushioned seat and smoke and talk and visit with their friends. Missak's mother often sits there, too, when there are no visitors. She takes her spindle with her and as she talks she spins.

The dogs have their home under the platform but the cats sleep on the cushioned seats.

All the animals in the stable home are contented and happy because every one is kind to them.

Story-Telling

It is a cold winter night. The wind howls. The snow flies.

In the stable home the family gather around the fire.

The father and grandfather smoke their pipes. Each holds a pet cat on his knee. The mother is busy spinning. The little sister is learning to make lace.

"Grandmother," says Missak, "please tell us a story."

"Which story shall I tell?" asks the kind old grandmother.

"Tell about Noah and the Flood," says Missak.

"No," says Vartanoosh, "tell us about the Garden of Eden. I like to hear about that lovely garden where it was always summer and every living thing was so happy."

"But I," says Missak, "like to hear about the Flood because, you know, the Ark rested upon our own Mount Ararat."

"Hush, hush, dear children," says the grandmother, "I will tell both stories."

While she is telling the story of the Flood Missak seems very busy.

Vartanoosh peeps over his shoulder.

"Look, father; look, mother," she cries, "see what Missak has made."

"Let me see," says the father. "Ah, that is good. It is a fine picture of the Ark resting on old Ararat."

The others look too, and the grandfather says proudly, "Some day our Missak will be an artist."

"Now, grandmother," coaxes Vartanoosh, "tell us the Three Gifts. I love that story."

So the grandmother tells the story of

THE THREE GIFTS

Once upon a time a lovely princess married a very poor man. She left her father's palace and went to live in a poor little hut.

One day there was great rejoicing in the poor little hut. A little daughter was born.

Three good fairies who knew and loved the princess came to see the little daughter. Each one brought a gift for her.

The first fairy hung a charm around the baby's neck. "This charm," said she, "will keep your little daughter well and strong. It will make her sweet-tempered and unselfish."

"My gift," said the second fairy, "is this: When she smiles an unfading rose shall blossom in her cheek."

"And my gift," said the third fairy, "is that all her tears shall become pearls."

Then the fairies kissed the little baby and flew away.

The little one grew strong and tall and beautiful. She seemed to grow more beautiful and more sweet-tempered every day.

And because of the fairies' gifts her father became a rich man.

Now this lovely child had an aunt who was both bad-tempered and selfish. She had begged the fairies to give their gifts to her daughter, also. They would not and she was angry. She stole the little girl away from her home. She took away the charm that hung about her neck. She led her to a lonely place among the mountains and left her there.

The poor child wandered about. She had nothing to eat. She shivered in the cold mountain air.

Down in the valley lived an old shepherd. He came up on the mountains hunting a wolf which had been stealing his sheep. There,

behind a bush, he saw the poor child. He had pity on her and took her to his little hut. He

The aunt led the little girl to a lonely place in the mountains

and his kind old wife fed her and wrapped her in warm clothing.

The little maid thanked the kind old people. She smiled upon them and into her cheek came an unfading rose.

"I pray you take this rose," she said to the shepherd. "Go to the city and sell it to whoever will buy."

The shepherd did as the maiden told him. He went to the city. He cried in a loud voice, "Who will buy an unfading rose? Who will buy? Who will buy?"

The maiden's father and mother heard his cry. They came running out into the street. They bade the shepherd tell them where he had found the unfading rose. He told them and they wept for joy.

The shepherd took them to his hut and they clasped their dear little daughter in their arms.

Then the maiden said to the shepherd, "Take a sack and go to the bush behind which you found me. There upon the ground you will find many pearls. They are the tears which I shed as I lay there cold and hungry. Take them all. They are yours."

The shepherd found the pearls and he and his kind old wife were rich for the rest of their days.

As for the maiden and her parents, they went joyfully back to their home. There they lived happily together for many, many years.

"Ah," sighs little Vartanoosh, "I am so glad the lovely maiden was saved."

A flock of sheep following their shepherd on the grassy slopes of a mountain pasture in Armenia

"It is time for this lovely maiden to go to bed," says her mother, "so say good night, my little Vartanoosh."

"Good night, dear mother," says the little girl.

"Good night, my child," says her mother, "and a good dawning."

And so say the others, "Good night and a good dawning," and soon all are in bed and asleep.

Vartanoosh dreams of the lovely maiden, but Missak dreams of making pictures of his beloved land.

Playtime

It is a lovely spring day. Vartanoosh and her little friends Nevart and Vartuhee are sitting on the grassy roof.

Vartanoosh's pet lamb is there, too. It is nibbling the fresh green grass.

The little girls are playing jacks with smooth round pebbles. Their rag dolls are lying on the ground staring up at the blue sky. When they finish the game each little girl picks up her dolly and cuddles it.

"What a pretty new doll you have, Vartanoosh," says little Nevart.

"Yes," answers Vartanoosh, "Missak's dog spoiled my old doll and grandmother made this one yesterday. See, she has a dress just like mine. Is n't she pretty?"

"Yes, indeed, she is a lovely doll," agree the other little girls.

"I am so glad that spring has come," says Nevart, "and we can play outside again."

"Yes," says Vartanoosh, "it is nice to play up here. I like to watch the storks. I am glad they have built their nest on our roof."

"Oh, I love the springtime," says Vartuhee. "I love to hear the cuckoos and the nightingales,

and to see the pretty buttercups and forget-me-nots. Don't you love the springtime best of all the year, Vartanoosh?"

"I love the spring," answers Vartanoosh, "but I like New Year's, too. On New Year's day my father always says, 'See what the nightingale has brought you, children.' Then Missak and I look on the high shelf of the cupboard and we always find money and some of those nice little three-cornered nutcakes that grandmother makes. Don't you like New Year's, too, Vartuhee?"

"I'll tell you what I like," says Vartuhee. "I like Christmas. I like the Christmas songs and I always like the nice Christmas dinner."

Just then Missak comes up on the roof. He has his pet lamb with him. "Vartanoosh," he says, "if I leave my lamb here will you watch her? I am going to play."

"Yes," replies Vartanoosh. "She can stay with my lamb. They can eat and play together."

"O Missak," cries Nevart, "which holiday do you like best of all? Vartanoosh likes New Year's and Vartuhee likes Christmas."

"Which holiday do I like best?" repeats Missak. "Oh, I like them all."

"You like Christmas best," says Vartanoosh

teasingly. "You know you do, because of the tall nutcake with the hot fruit syrup."

"Yes, I do like Christmas and I like New Year's, too, when we all have new clothes to wear," says Missak. "But I like Easter best. I like to break the colored eggs and blow my willow whistle. I think Easter is best of all, Nevart. Take good care of my lamb, Vartanoosh," and off he runs to play.

"What fun boys have," says Nevart. "They have such jolly games. They play ball and marbles and spin tops and play Leap Frog."

"We have nice plays, too," says Vartanoosh. "We have our jacks and our skipping ropes and our dolls."

"Yes," says Vartuhee, "and we play Hide and Seek and we have our swings. Oh, I love to swing. I love to go way, way up in the air. I feel as if I were flying."

"Come," says Vartanoosh, "let us have another game of jacks. It's your turn to begin, Nevart."

The little girls play jacks, the lambs nibble the fresh green grass, the boys run and shout and play, and all are happy because the spring has come.

SPRING IN ARMENIA

When spring comes every one in the land of Armenia rejoices. The snow and ice melt. Every little rill and river is full to overflowing.

Missak's father drives the cows out of the stable. How glad they are to come out. They fill the air with their loud mooing.

Missak helps his father drive the sheep to the pasture where the grass is springing up. His big white dog helps, too. He runs and jumps and barks for joy.

Soon patches of blue forget-me-nots and golden buttercups lie on every hill and mountain side. The fruit trees blossom. The trees put on their spring dresses of tender green. The sky is blue. The sunshine is warm and bright.

Missak's father is plowing. The plow is not like the plows which you may have seen farmers use. Although he has two strong and patient helpers, it is slow work. When it is done the seed must be sown. Soon the fields will be green with growing grain and vegetables.

It is spring in Armenia and Missak's father is plowing the field for grain

Missak thinks there can be no land in all the world so beautiful as his. As he walks along the road with his mother in the bright spring morning he sings over and over the words of an old song his grandmother has taught him.

"Thy native land still bear in mind.
To it be ever true and kind."

Spring Songs

Missak and Vartanoosh know many pretty spring songs. The songs they like best are about birds. One they often sing is a song of welcome to the stork.

"Welcome, Stork! Oh, welcome here!
Welcome, O Stork! Oh, welcome here!
Thou com'st to tell us spring is near,
And with thy news our hearts to cheer!

"Stork, fly down, fly down and rest,
On our poor roof descend and rest,
Upon our ash-tree build thy nest,
Of all the birds we love thee best.

"Stork, when thou away didst hie
From our ash-tree far didst fly,
The withering winds did moan and sigh,
And caused our smiling flowers to die."

Another song they sing is about a pretty brown bird that lives in Armenia and in our

Missak sings as he walks along with his mother in the bright spring morning

country, too. This pretty bird is the partridge.

THE PARTRIDGE

"The sun beats from the mountain's brow,
Pretty thing, pretty thing!
The partridge from his nest comes now,
To welcome him the flowerets bow
As flies he from the mountain's brow.
Pretty thing, pretty thing!
Partridge with brown spotted wing."

Another spring song which Missak and Vartanoosh learned when they were very little is called the Children's Song:

"Light appears, light appears.
O light most blessed.
To tree flies sparrow,
To perch the chicken.
Workman, rise, to labor haste,
Workman, rise, to labor haste."

Missak's Journey

Missak's home is in a little village among the mountains. He has never seen a large city. He has never seen a train or a street car. He has never even heard of an automobile. He had never been away from his village home until the summer that he was twelve years old, when he went with his father to a city not far from their village.

They rode in a cart drawn by two oxen. It was a clumsy little cart and not at all comfortable to ride in. But Missak was too happy to mind the jolting.

When they reached the city Missak looked about him in wonder.

He saw many houses that were built just like

his own. He saw others that were built of stone. He saw big churches and many little shops crowded together.

Missak does not mind jolting along the road in a clumsy little cart drawn by oxen

He saw many people in the narrow streets. Some of the men wore flowing robes of white. They had white or green turbans on their heads. Others were gayly dressed in robes of scarlet. Some wore baggy trousers, embroidered jackets, and little red caps. There were women wrapped in long dark cloaks that covered them from head to foot. And there were men and boys dressed just as men and boys dress in our country.

Missak peeped into some of the dark little shops. In one he saw a merchant sitting on a rug. He seemed to be half asleep. All around him were beautiful rugs of soft, rich colors. Another merchant had rolls of bright-colored cotton cloth for sale.

In another little shop Missak saw many beautiful ornaments of gold and silver. There were so many things to see that Missak forgot he was tired and hungry. But at last he was glad to go with his father to an inn.

The inn looks very much like his own home but it is much larger.

Near the door of the inn Missak sees some women grinding wheat just as his mother and grandmother grind it at home.

Outside the inn Missak sees camels and donkeys, horses and mules, and a few oxen. Among them he sees his father's oxen.

All of these animals are being fed and watered. Some of them have come from far-off lands and have carried heavy burdens. They are glad to come to a place where they may eat and drink and rest.

Missak's father feeds his oxen and then he and Missak go into the inn.

They find themselves in a room that is crowded with men. They are sitting on the seat along the wall, or on the floor.

Some are playing checkers. One man is playing a tune on a pipe. It is a queer, sad little tune and he plays it over and over again.

Courtesy of A. B. C., Foreign Missions, Boston

Armenian women grinding meal between flat stones

Missak and his father find a place and seat themselves on the floor. For supper they eat some food which they have brought from home.

Then Missak rolls himself in a rug and cuddles up close to his father's side. For awhile he listens to the talking that fills the room. Then he hears nothing but the sad little tune the man is still playing. After awhile he does not hear even that, for he is fast asleep.

THE VOCABULARY

Armenia.....är mē′nĭ *a*

Befana.....bā fā′nä
Boreas.....bō′rē *ăs*

Chinese.....chĭ′nēz′
Corinth.....kŏr′ĭnth

Diomedes.....dī′ō mē′dēz

Ebba.....ĕb′b*a*
Ehah.....ĕ′ah
Eric.....ĕr′ĭk
Eskimo.....ĕs′kĭ mō

Filberta.....fĭl bĕr′t*a*

Giovanni.....zhō vän′nĭ
Guido.....gwē′dō

Haha San.....hä′hä sän
(mother)
Honhoya.....hŏn′hoi *a*
(a little bear)
Honmana.....hŏn′män *a*
(a bear maiden)
Hopi.....hō′pē

Igloo.....ĭg′lōō

Japanese.....jăp′*a* nēz′

Kage-bohi-onigo.....käg′ā boi ō′nĭ gō
Katerparsuk.....kä tĕr′pär sōōk

King Odysseus.....ō dĭs′ūs
Kayak.....kī′ăk

Missak.....mĭs săk′
Mount Ararat.....är′*a* rät

Nannook.....nän′nōōk
Nevart.....nē värt′
Norwegian.....nŏr wē′j*ăn*

Obasan.....ō′bä sän
(grandmother)
Olaf.....o′läf
Ota dama.....ō′tē dä′mä
(hand ball)

Phaëton.....fā′ē thŏn
Phoebus.....fē′bŭs

Trojans.....trō′j*ănz*

Ulric.....ōōl′rĭk
Ume.....ōō′mā

Vartanoosh.....vär tän ōōsh
Vartuhee.....vär tū ē′

Wela.....wā′lä

Yanni.....yän′nē
Yat Sen.....yät sĕn
Yuan.....yō′ärn′

Zeus.....zūs

A READING LIST

HOUGH, WALTER. *The Hopi Indians.* (Little Histories of North American Indians.)

JAMES, GEORGE WHARTON. *The Indians of the Painted Desert Region.*

VOTH, H. R. *Traditions of the Hopi.* (Stanley McCormick Hopi Expedition.)

WASHBURNE, M. F. *Indian Legends.*

RINK, HINRICH J. *Tales and Traditions of the Eskimo.*

SCHWATKA, FREDERICK. *Children of the Cold.*

SMITH, MARY E. *Eskimo Stories.*

SLEEPER, M. G. *Sweden and Norway.*

THORPE, BENJAMIN. *Northern Mythology.*

———. *Yule-tide Stories.*

GEORGE, MARIAN M., and DEAN, IDA M. *Little Journey to Holland.*

GROVER, EULALIE OSGOOD. *Sunbonnet Babies in Holland.*

HOUGH, P. M. *Dutch Life in Town and Country.* (Our European Neighbors Series.)

JAEKEL, BLAIR. *Windmills and Wooden Shoes.*

MELDRUM, D. S. *Home Life in Holland.* (Home Life in Many Lands Series.)

SMITH, MARY E. *Holland Stories.*

AMBROSI, MARIETTA. *When I Was a Girl in Italy.*

CRANE, THOMAS F. *Fairy and Folk Tales.*

———. *Italian Popular Tales.*

DE AMÍCIS, EDMONDO. *The Heart of a Boy.* (Translated by Sophie Jewett.)

GORDON, LENA DUFF. *Home Life in Italy.*

VILLARI, LUIGI. *Italian Life in Town and Country.* (Our European Neighbors Series.)

BROWNE, EDITH A. *Greece.* (Peeps at Many Lands.)

Cook, Agnes Spofford. *The Story of Ulysses.*

Ferriman, Z. Duckett. *Greece and the Greeks.*

Moore, Mabel. *Days in Hellas.*

Nixon-Roulet, Mary F. *Our Little Grecian Cousin.* (Little Cousin Series.)

Kelman, Janet Harvey. *Children of Japan.* (Children's Missionary Series.)

McDonald, E. A. B., and Dalrymple, Julia. *Umé San in Japan.* (Little Children Everywhere.)

Wade, Mary Hazelton. *Our Little Japanese Cousin.* (Little Cousin Series.)

Whitehorn, Alan L. *Wonder Tales of Old Japan.*

Williston, Teresa Pierce. *Japanese Fairy Tales, I and II.*

Brown, C. Campbell. *Children of China.*

Headland, Isaac T. *China's New Day.*

———. *The Chinese Boy and Girl.*

———. *Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes.*

———. *Our Little Chinese Cousin.* (Little Cousin Series.)

Garnett, Lucy M. J. *The Women of Turkey and Their Folk Lore.*

Hepworth, George H. *Through Armenia on Horseback.*

Lynch, H. F. B. *Armenia.*

Wade, Mary Hazelton. *Our Little Armenian Cousin.* (Little Cousin Series.)

Huntington, Ellsworth. *Asia: A Geography Reader.*